

Sports Illustrated



JULY 4, 1977

ONE DOLLAR

THE HOMER-MAD RED SOX

**TERRIBLE
TED
TAKES
COMMAND**

**America's Cup
Leader
Ted Turner**

COURAGEOUS

'Enriched Flavor' Tobacco!

MERIT technology making "good taste" a reality for low tar smoking.

There is a way to pack flavor—extra flavor—into a low tar cigarette. MERIT proved it.

By cracking cigarette smoke down into separate elements, researchers were able to isolate certain "flavor-rich" ingredients that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

The result was 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. Tobacco that delivers the kind of taste smokers can switch to. And stick with.

"Merit cigarettes have converted me from a confirmed high tar cigarette smoker to a low tar smoker."

—Mr. Robin Katz
New York, New York

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



LOW TAR-ENRICHED FLAVOR

This kind of smoker enthusiasm is typical of what smokers are saying about the taste of MERIT.

"Congratulations on coming out with a low tar, low nicotine cigarette that tastes like tobacco instead of lettuce!"

—Mrs. Glen C. Skaggs
San Antonio, Texas

"I want to thank you all for your super work in producing this A cigarette."*

—Miss Jo Anselmi Ruffolo
York, Pennsylvania

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

O. M. Scott & Sons
Marysville, Ohio 43040
April 6, 1977
Dear Sirs -
I am so grateful for
to do about my lawn
nuisance as you
samples I'm sending
know what they
Would appreciate
it and telling
about it.
Thinking you

**Pack up your troubles
in aluminum foil
and smile, smile, smile.**

What do you do when a weed you just can't identify suddenly starts taking over your lawn?

(Would you recognize chickweed? hen bit? sheep sorrel?)

Best thing to do is enlist the help of somebody who knows weeds, and can help identify yours. Like the people of O. M. Scott.

Scotts, the lawn company of ITT, has a weed identification service that's free.

Just wrap up your problem weed, or pesky unwanted grass, in a piece of alumi-

num foil. Then mail it to: O. M. Scott, Marysville, Ohio 43040.

Last year Scotts helped over 170,000 people with weed questions get the best of their pests.

They've been helping Americans grow things for over a century. Not just providing seeds, fertilizers and weed control, but acres of good advice too.

And lots of smiles.

The best ideas are the ideas that help people. ITT



25 MPG | **17** MPG | **20** MPG
HIGHWAY CITY COMPOSITE



Your friends may think you bought a Cutlass Supreme for looks. But in your heart, you knew it was for Supreme's practicality.

In a time when many new-car buyers are so practical minded, it's interesting to note that the stylish Cutlass became the best-selling mid-size car line in America during 1976 — and Supreme is the most popular Cutlass in history.

No question about it, Cutlass Supreme's head-turning style has a lot to do with its sales success. It's the first thing people notice. That classic profile. That formal roof. That handsome, distinctive grille.

Is it any wonder your friends may think you bought your Supreme for looks?



But you know better. You know there's a practical side to Supreme that's very appealing these days.

Example #1: Gas mileage. EPA mileage estimates for a Supreme with available automatic transmission and standard 231

V6 show an impressive 25 mpg on the highway, 17 mpg in the city. Of course, your mileage may vary, depending on how you drive, your car's condition and equipment. (EPA estimates are lower in California.)

Example #2: Maneuverability. Supreme's maneuverability makes it easy to get around in traffic. Easy to park. Easy on turns. To

put it another way, Supreme is just plain fun to drive.

Example #3: Resale.

It's as simple as this. Currently, Supreme has been returning a higher percentage of its purchase price than any other competitive mid-size car in its field.

All that, in a car that's surprisingly easy to afford in the first place.

Olds Cutlass Supreme. You bought it for practicality instead of looks. Or was it vice versa?

Oldsmobile

CUTLASS SUPREME
 Can we build one for you?

I love tobacco. I don't smoke.

Walt Garrison,
football and rodeo star.



I'm a guy who loves tobacco, but I never take a pull. I use smokeless tobacco instead.

Just a pinch of smokeless in between my cheek and gum gives me full, rich tobacco pleasure. Feels real relaxing in there. And smokeless tobacco can't tie up my hands. So I can enjoy it no matter what I'm doing.

If you want to go smokeless, there are three brands to look for: Skoal, my favorite, with a wintergreen taste. Copenhagen, a straight tobacco. And Happy Days Mint.

All three are dated for freshness. All three are tobaccos you enjoy without smoking.

Smokeless tobacco. A pinch is all it takes.



For a free booklet that explains how to get the full enjoyment of "smokeless tobacco"—as well as a few free pinches that you can try for yourself—write to "Smokeless Tobacco," United States Tobacco Company, Dept. S1077, Greenwich, Conn. 06830.



**In this
morning's
rush hour,
empty seats
outnumbered
full seats 4 to 1.**

In a city the size
of Los Angeles, that's
9,000,000 empty seats.

Think about that
while you're sitting in
traffic tomorrow
morning.

**Share the ride
with a friend.**



Did you know Allegheny is 22 American cities bigger than American?



ALLEGHENY American Airlines	77 55
---------------------------------------	-----------------

If you fly where Allegheny flies, these numbers are talking to you.

The numbers say that Allegheny delivers more of what you want. More of the cities you need to reach. More nonstops. More flight times for you to pick from.

Behind these facts is an airline bigger than you imagined.

An airline that's out to win you over with the best schedules. With service that's warm and personal.

You be the judge. Sample the comforts of Allegheny's single-class jet cabins. Measure the professionalism and friendliness of Allegheny people. All our people, in the air and on the ground.

See your travel agent or give us a call. Then come fly Allegheny. See how we're changing... how good we really are. Welcome aboard!

ALLEGHENY®

It takes a big airline.

Be prepared for life.



Did you know that when we asked boys across the country what they thought was most fun about Scouting they said hiking and camping outdoors?

But when we asked them what they thought was most important about Scouting, they said "...to help you be prepared for life."

To help you be prepared for life.

Did you know that Scouting has a drug prevention program all its own? That Scouting has one of the most effective antipollution programs going? That new Scouting merit badges include Computers, Environmental Science, Atomic Energy, Space Exploration and Citizenship in the World? That more Scout troops are being formed in the nation's inner cities than boys groups of any other kind?

Did you know that for every boy in Scouting there's another boy who'd like to be, but can't? And that the reason most of them can't is because no adult in the neighborhood thinks Scouting's worth the time?

If you don't think Scouting's worth your time, you don't know enough about Scouting.

Find out more. Write:
Scouting, North Brunswick, New Jersey 08902.

**Scouting today's
a lot more than you think.**

SCORECARD

Edited by BOB REED

WHEN HE'S BAD, HE'S HORRID

For all-round boorishness, few athletes rival Ihe Nastase, the 30-year-old Romanian tennis player who again lived up to his nickname at Wimbledon last week.

On court No. 2 of the 100-year-old tournament, Nastase was just that in an unfairly gained victory over Andrew Pattison, manager of the New York Yankees. Commenting last week on the tension he felt when it appeared he would be fired, Martin was quoted as saying, "Now I know how Truman felt when he dropped that bomb."

The award is named for John Eggers, the Oregon State sports information director, who several years ago described how OSU football rivals were reacting in light of the fact that the Beavers had upset a number of them the previous season. "This year," Eggers said, "our opponents have been coming after us like a bunch of Kamikaze pilots in search of the Holy Grail."

During the court changeover which followed the service break, Nastase interrupted the match for 10 minutes. Arguing with the umpire and a linesman about a foot fault called against him and the number of linesmen assigned to the match, he ducked behind a canvas screen and led the crowd in cheers.

Play finally resumed after a referee's warning, but Nastase complained about the crowd noise and the condition of the grass. Pattison, evidently affected by the delay and by Nastase's prolonged protestations, sat down, got up, donned his sweater, took it off again and ultimately lost the set and match.

"I think he behaved abominably," Pattison said afterward. "He was breaking the rules of the game that play must be continuous and insulting and abusing the umpire and linesman. He did it at a very crucial time, when I was leading with a service break. It was no coincidence."

Nastase reportedly defended his tactics by saying, "I would do it every time if I knew I would win the match."

That much seems certain. And he has been able to get away with his unsportsmanlike conduct because, as a gate attraction and a star, he has intimidated officials. But Wimbledon doesn't have to put up with Nastase. It has stars aplenty and has sold out for years. Instead of

merely warning Nastase, the referee should have used his authority under the rules to disqualify him.

OH, COME NOW

The John Eggers Award for Verbal Overreach, which SCORECARD inaugurates this week, is hereby given to Billy Martin, manager of the New York Yankees. Commenting last week on the tension he felt when it appeared he would be fired, Martin was quoted as saying, "Now I know how Truman felt when he dropped that bomb."

The award is named for John Eggers, the Oregon State sports information director, who several years ago described how OSU football rivals were reacting in light of the fact that the Beavers had upset a number of them the previous season. "This year," Eggers said, "our opponents have been coming after us like a bunch of Kamikaze pilots in search of the Holy Grail."

MOOD SWING

When a golfer named Ernest Prumeau stepped to the 18th tee during a tournament in St. Jean, Quebec, Rodrigue Lasnier was wholly unconcerned.

An automobile dealer, Lasnier was offering a new car to anyone who scored a hole in one on the 170-yard, par-3 hole, and his prize seemed safely out of reach. Prumeau, not likely to be mistaken for Hubert Green, had hacked his way through the first 17 holes in 129 strokes.

But the car, parked beside the tee with the keys in the ignition, obviously was a compelling incentive, for Prumeau hit a six-iron shot that landed in the cup.

A 35-year-old carpet installer who had played only about a dozen rounds of golf in his life, Prumeau let someone else retrieve the ball. He jumped into the car and drove off.

SWORN DUTY

After two top players were ejected from a Delaware high school baseball game for using profanity, the coach and his

players (all of whom wish to remain anonymous) held a meeting.

The coach announced that Billy, a third-string rightfielder, henceforth would be the team's "Designated Curs-er." Whenever a member of the team felt compelled to swear, he would trot down to the end of the bench and whisper well-chosen words into Billy's ear, and then Billy, so to speak, would talk a blue streak. Thus, if the umpire was sufficiently offended, he would give the thumb to expendable Billy.

The team was faring poorly in its next game and there were many glances in Billy's direction. A few strikeout victims even started walking toward him, but each halted before he reached Billy, having cooled off by then. The high school



lost the game, but there was no audible cursing and no ejections, and Billy's only comments were cheers for his teammates.

ELECTION DAZE

Depending on the year, the starting lineup for baseball's All Star Game has been determined by a vote of the fans, players or managers. None of the methods has been entirely satisfactory, and this year—the eighth consecutive in which fans have cast the ballots—is no exception.

As a glaring example, with a week of voting to go, Centerfielder Fred Lynn of Boston seems destined for his third straight starting berth, despite a feeble .231 batting average, 26 RBIs, six home runs and subpar defensive play owing to

continued

an early-season ankle injury. Far more deserving is the Twins' Larry Hise, who has a .314 batting average, 18 home runs and a league-leading 70 RBIs, or California's Bobby Bonds, who is batting .297 with 15 homers and 48 RBIs. At present, however, the underpublicized Hise ranks ninth in the balloting for outfielders, and Bonds is sixth.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Which major league franchise has had the most lasting and widespread effect on major league baseball? As of today, it would seem to be the Dodgers.

Counting Eddie Stanky's one-day stint with the Texas Rangers, no fewer than 10 ex-Dodgers were managing major league teams last week: Roy Hartsfield, Toronto; Jeff Torborg, Cleveland; Don Zimmer, Boston; Danny Ozark, Philadelphia; Norm Sherry, California; Dick Williams, Montreal; Sparky Anderson, Cincinnati; Gene Mauch, Minnesota; and Tom Lasorda, Los Angeles.

The same number of former Dodgers are working as pitching coaches: Rube Walker, Mets; Bob Miller, Toronto; Jim Brewer, Montreal; Roger Craig, San Diego; Stan Williams, White Sox; Larry Sherry, Pittsburgh; Claude Osteen, St. Louis; Larry Shepard, Cincinnati; Red Adams, Los Angeles; and Cal McLish, Milwaukee.

For a team once called "Dem Bums," that's not a bad class of graduates.

CONVERSATION PIECE

In contrast to the professional athletes who complain about too much media attention, Pitcher John (Count) Montefusco of the San Francisco Giants delights in being interviewed. This season, however, a sprained ankle has put the garrulous fastballer on the disabled list, and few reporters have sought out his company or his words of wit and wisdom.

While recuperating, Montefusco often spends time with his racehorse, Silvan Hill. "I lie down with him in the stall and talk to him," the Count says, "because nobody else is talking to me this year."

WANTING AND NEEDING

Frank Shorter, the 1972 Olympic Marathon champion and the silver medalist last year, recently was asked if he thought that "wanting something badly enough" was sufficient incentive for an athlete.

Shorter replied, "To a certain degree,

but wanting it badly enough isn't going to let you know what kind of drugs other people might be taking. Wanting it badly enough isn't going to create a situation in which you can train six hours a day. You have to have some sort of support, if you're going to compete in this day and age.

"Wanting it badly enough sounds too much like football, anyway. It sounds like you've got to beat your head against the locker, you've got to hate your opposition, you've got to bow to the coach because he's God. There are different kinds of athletes in different kinds of sports, and I think that attitude applies in some, but it doesn't apply in ours. In track, you have to have doctors available with whom you can consult to determine your level of fitness, to tell you if you are doing the right thing, to rein you in if you are doing too much. It is a monitoring process. Honestly, if you can't get enough medical backup to feel that you're operating with the same advantage as somebody else, wanting it badly enough just isn't going to be sufficient."

SITTING IN THE JAYBIRD SEAT

As a team, the expansionist Toronto Blue Jays have a firm hold on the American League Eastern Division cellar. As a franchise, however, Toronto may be the most envied club in the majors.

Consider these financial arguments: Toronto is second in American League attendance and should reach the one-million mark this month; the Blue Jays took in more than \$4 million on the sale of 8,600 season tickets; licensing and packaging of the Blue Jay logo will bring in another \$100,000; a disco record, *Blue Jays*, was on the Canadian charts last May, and the Exhibition Stadium game program, the largest in baseball at 116 pages, has generated additional revenue.

Says Peter Bavasi, the club's vice-president and general manager, "Montreal is isolated both geographically and politically by the separatist movement, so we think of ourselves not only as a Toronto team, but as Canada's national team. All our marketing is aimed in that direction."

Bavasi also plugs customer service. "We want our fans to leave the ball park with a good feeling," he says. "They realize we don't have any Jim Palmers out there pinching for us, so we try to sell all the sensual aspects of the game—the sights, sounds and touches of baseball."

"We are going to keep a full-court

press on the market," says Bavasi. "Five years from now the Blue Jays won't be out begging, like some expansion franchises have had to do."

DOUBIOUS DECISION

Culminating an 18-month search, which obviously was less than extensive, the National Hockey League board of governors last week looked inward and picked John Ziegler, 43, to succeed retiring Clarence Campbell, 71, as NHL president.

Ziegler is a Detroit attorney who is both chairman of the NHL board and a vice-president of the Detroit Red Wings—possibly the worst-run franchise in professional sport. The Red Wings, who have had 13 coaching changes in the last 10 years, have not made the Stanley Cup playoffs since 1970. Last season Detroit's 16-55-9 record was the NHL's worst, and the club also managed to lose almost \$2 million.

The NHL might have done better had it looked outside its own conference room for a new president. One can only hope Ziegler will run the league better than he ran the Red Wings.

OFF-THE-JOB TRAINING

Whether they want to or not, athletes ultimately gain knowledge of bones, which they sometimes break and occasionally dislocate and which often ache after competition. So when Stanford University Medical School graduated three varsity athletes among its new crop of doctors, their area of further study was no surprise. Don Bunce (football), Tom Williams (baseball) and Mike Maan (basketball) all plan to specialize in orthopedics.

THEY SAID IT

• Tony Dorsett, Dallas Cowboy rookie halfback, after a three-day orientation camp: "What did I learn? I learned one thing for sure. You can't be a dummy and play for the Cowboys."

• Julius Boros, 57-year-old golfer, insisting he plans to continue playing occasional tour events. "Retire? Retire to what? I already fish and play golf."

• Sam Bowen, Valdosta State College centerfielder drafted in 1974 by Boston and sent to its Class AAA Pawtucket, R.I. farm team, when asked whether he feels he'll be good enough to make the Red Sox one day: "Right now, I feel like I've got my feet on the ground as far as my head is concerned."

END

The New Mazda RX-3SP.

(Please don't tell your mother you're going to buy one.)



Once you somehow manage to take your eyes off the car, it's adrenalin time behind the wheel.

The acceleration is rotary-engine quick. The handling is precise and responsive. The stops are provided by power-assisted front disc brakes.

Other RX-3SP credentials include a 5-speed stick shift. Torsion bar stabilizer. A background of over 100 racing victories in international competition. And a price a mother could love—\$4290* (or \$3945* minus the special appearance package shown here.)

And now, the world's most remarkable engine is backed by the world's longest engine warranty.

Mazda warrants the basic engine block and its internal

parts will be free of defects with normal use and prescribed maintenance for five years or 75,000 miles, whichever comes first, or Mazda will fix it free. This transferable, limited warranty is free on all new rotary-engine Mazda sold and serviced in the United States and Canada.



*Based on California and Texas POE prices including dealer prep. Slightly higher for other Ports of Entry. Freight, taxes, license and optional equipment are extra. Automatic transmission not available in EPA high altitude counties.

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.

mazda



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



The natural cigarette is here!

Real

**Taste your first low tar cigarette
with nothing artificial added.**

Feel the Real taste difference.

Your cigarette enhances its flavor
artificially. All major brands do.
New Real does not. It doesn't need to.

We've discovered the way to keep
natural taste in, artificial out.
All the taste and flavor in Real is natural.

Of course Real's menthol is fresh,
natural. Not synthetic.

You get a rich, satisfying smoke.
Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste.

So taste your first low tar natural
cigarette. Taste Real... smoke natural.

8 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM



BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

BOOM!



During a 10-game home-run barrage, the Red Sox boomed 33 times. The big gun was Bomer Scott, who blasted nine and took the big-league lead

by Kent Hannon



In this sequence Scott ended Borron's homer streak with a shot off Calish Hunter. It was the seventh clout against the Cal during the binge

CONTINUED

The Boston Red Sox have lately been gliding along in what tennis players refer to as "the zone," an altered state of confidence in which you feel you can hit whatever you want, wherever you want, whenever you want. Nothing, it seems, can go wrong. In the case of the Red Sox, this condition resulted in bushels of baseballs being smashed over American League fences in the past two weeks.

From June 14 until last Saturday, when Yankee Pitcher Mike Torrez finally managed to take the long ball away from the Sox, Boston's sluggers established a major league record for the most home runs hit over a span of 10 games, 33. The Red Sox began setting records by unloading 16 homers in Games Three, Four and Five of the streak—a total that included four in one inning off New York's Catfish Hunter. And because they added at least one home run in each succeeding game, they kept setting a major league record every day for a week. American League fans had not witnessed anything on a par with this since 1963, when the Minnesota Twins, led by Bob Allison, Harmon Killebrew, Jimmie Hall

and Don Mincher, blasted 19 home runs in five games.

"So many of the Red Sox were hot there was no way to pitch around them," said Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver, whose pitching acc. Jim Palmer, was rocked for five homers in one game during the Boston barrage. "You don't want to walk Fred Lynn to get to Jim Rice, do you? Or Jim Rice to get to Carl Yastrzemski? Or Carlton Fisk to get to George Scott? It was a joke."

Weaver must be developing a macabre sense of humor, because while hitting all those home runs, the Red Sox moved from a half game ahead to four games in front in the American League East. That certainly was no laughing matter to the contending Orioles or Yankees. During three games in Boston, the Red Sox outhomered the Yanks 16 to none, while weeping the series by scores of 9-4, 10-4 and 11-1. The change from Fenway Park to Baltimore's more spacious Memorial Stadium at the beginning of last week made little difference to the Sox, who slammed out nine more while sweeping four games, 4-0, 7-0, 7-4 and 7-3.

"They were all hit well," said Oriole Shortstop Mark Belanger. "No cheapies. I was getting whiplash from looking over my shoulder."

Only three straight losses in New York at the end of last week prevented Boston from whiplashing its way to a huge lead. But even if the Sox' slugging did not settle the American League East race, in the minds of most Boston opponents it did settle the issue of whether this year's baseball is livelier than the '76 model (51, June 13). The question Sox players were rightly asking in return was, "If it's just a case of a rabbit in the ball, why isn't everybody setting slugging records the way we have?"

Here is how the Sox socked their way to the records:

- June 14, Boston—In the fourth inning against the Chicago White Sox, Scott launched a 430-foot drive into the center-field bleachers. Two pitches later Bernie Carbo tagged another one way over the wall in left. Scott added a three-run blast in the eighth to seal a 7-1 victory.
- June 16, Boston—Scott and Designated Hitter Rice each socked his 15th home run of the season, but the White Sox won 7-3, stopping a six-game Boston winning streak.

• June 17, Boston—Lead-off batter Rick Burleson's first-inning fly over The Green Monster in left may have been wind-aided, but the shoes that followed in that inning against the Yankees' Hunter would have been out of the Grand Canyon. Boston's went Lynn into the bullpen in deepest right, Boom! Boom! went Fisk high over the screen in left. Boom! Boom! Boom! went Scott even higher over the screen in left-center. Yastrzemski and Fisk stroked two more homers back to back, in the seventh off Reliever Dick Tidrow.

• June 18, Boston—Yaz, showing little wear and tear for all his 37 years, cracked two more shots, and so did Carbo. Scott had to be content with one.

• June 19, Boston—Second Baseman Denny Doyle, homerless for almost two years, started the Sunday merry-go-round in the fourth with a line drive into the Red Sox bullpen. "Those guys ought to be wearing helmets out there," said the 165-pound Doyle. "Don't they know I'm dangerous?" When Doyle returned to the dugout, Yaz refused to shake his hand, saying, "Are you kidding?" Carbo hit his third homer in two games three innings later. But it was in the eighth that the Red Sox came close to blowing down



Habson a 235-footer: bats 323 with men on base



Even though he hits lefts, Fisk has scored 57 runs



Like Ted Williams, Yaz '304' is aging gracefully.

Fenway. Rice hit a screaming liner just to the left of the flag pole in center field. If it had been hit a few feet farther to the right, it would have gone clear out of the park. Yaz, up next, narrowly missed becoming the first man ever to hit a ball out of the park in right field. His blast down the line hit the facing of the roof. It was the 10th time this year that the Sox have hit back-to-back home runs. Scott made it three homers in a row—and six off Tidrow in his two appearances in this series—with a long belt to straightaway center.

● June 20, Baltimore—The only starter who had not gotten into the home-run derby, Third Baseman Butch Hobson, kept the streak alive with a 450-foot drive in the eighth inning. It hardly seemed fair to Boston's rivals that Red Sox pitchers were starting to show off, too. Ferguson Jenkins had pitched a three-hitter to close out the Yankee series, and on this night Rick Wise had a two-hitter with 10 strikeouts.

● June 21, Baltimore—Luis Tiant fired a two-hit shutout as Rice ripped homer No. 17 and Scott took over the league lead with his 19th.

● June 22, Baltimore—Palmer, who had surrendered four homers in his last start against Boston on June 8, took a three-hitter and a 4-3 lead into the ninth inning. Of course, all three Sox runs had

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY BELLA)

been scored on homers. Before the ninth was over, Palmer had given up a pair of two-run blows to Fisk—his second homer of the game—and Hobson. As usual, Scott and Rice were also among the boomers.

● June 23, Baltimore—Hobson again was alone in the home-run department with his 11th, while Jenkins threw a six-hitter.

● June 24, New York—A crowd of 54,940 screaming, beer-spilling fans turned out at Yankee Stadium Friday night for what would be the final game of the streak. Yaz and Hobson hit their third homer in four days; again struck early against Hunter, and when Scott hit his ninth homer in 10 games to give Boston a 5-3 fourth-inning lead, it looked like the Yankees' season might be ending prematurely. But Roy White gave the Red Sox a taste of their own medicine with a two-out, two-run clutch that tied the game in the ninth. New York won 6-5 in 11 innings. The next day Mike Torrez yielded nothing more damaging than a run-yeering double to Lynn and a couple of long outs to Rice and Yaz en route to a 5-1 victory.

Boston came out of the streak having won 13 of 15 games and leading the league in batting average (.284) and runs (369). At the close of last week Scott, Rice, Fisk and Yaz were all in the top 10 in home runs. The Red Sox were the best in the majors in that category—no club is within 20 homers of their total of 107 in 69 games. At their present pace, which would be difficult to maintain, the Red Sox would end up with 255 home runs for the season. The record is 240, set by the Yankees in 1961 when Roger Maris (61) and Mickey Mantle (54) accounted for 115 all by themselves.

Favoring the Red Sox in their quest of slugging records is the fact that seven players in the starting lineup are home-run threats. And with this gang, when somebody belts one, it often sets off a chain reaction. Such a frightening

lineup deserves a nickname. Murderer's Row is out, having been given to the 1927 Yankees and having been borrowed by the '61 team. It's a little old-fashioned anyway. How about Boomer and the Crunch Bunch?

The Boomer is the 33-year-old Scott, whose homers in the streak moved him into the major league lead with 21. "I've never seen the likes of this before," he said happily. He returned to Boston in a trade this winter after spending the last five seasons in Milwaukee. Two years ago he led the American League in home runs (36), and last season he won his sixth straight Gold Glove award at first base. The ebullient Scott was very popular with Boston fans during his previous tour there (1966-'71), and the Red Sox front office felt his right-handed power and glove were good investments. Scott is credited with popularizing the term "lateral" for homers, and his power has obviously been a big plus since late May when Manager Don Zimmer moved him from fifth to sixth in the order. Scott, who had gotten off to a slow start, immediately got hot. Zimmer says the shift brought Scott around, but the Boomer doubts that. "I don't think it makes no difference where a big man like me hits," he

continued



During the Boston streak, Yaz had three homers in two days.



Familiar scene: one Sox stagger greets another

says "It was the good Lord who turned it around. I just had to wait until He made the call." But, strangely enough, his defense has kept the Boomer from displaying his big, toothy, gold-toothed grin. Scott's error total stood at a startlingly high 16 last week, many of them committed on throws and grounders that should have been easy to field. No one claims to know the cause, save the hosts of the *Clif and Claf* radio talk show in Boston, who have given Scott a lot of on-the-air grief.

Clif is former Boston Globe writer Clif Keane, and Claf is *Herald-American* columnist Larry Claflin. Their favorite topic of late has been the Boomer's weight problem, which has been evident since spring training, when he reported at nearly 240 pounds. Although the 6' 2" Scott is now down to 220, Clif and Claf think Scott cannot field anymore, because of "his fat belly." They took to calling him "Chicken Wings" after he was seen in the company of two platesful of same during the spring, and they encourage their listeners to hurl similar barbs when calling in to the show. No one who watched Scott perform in Yankee Stadium last weekend will understand this criticism, because he saved several runs

by roaming far to his right to cut off ground balls, a play nobody in the majors makes as well as he does.

Over a recent 13-day span, while the Boomer was booming, Rice raised his average from .255 to .315. He was a smoking 31-57 at the plate, including three four-hit games in five days, and he claims he would hit even better if he could be a real-live outfielder instead of the DH. He is now fifth in the majors in homers with 18, and for an idea of how strong he is, consider the following incident that occurred recently while Rice was playing golf with Red Sox TV color man Ken Harrelson.

"I had just teed off and Jim asked if he could borrow my driver," says Harrelson. "I should have known better. Jim took the club way back with the idea of outdriving me, but as he moved into his downswing the shaft snapped right in two. It reminded me of the time two years ago against Detroit when he checked a swing and the bat cracked right in half above his hands. He is that strong. On the golf course he is the longest. I mean, longer than me, and 15 to 40 yards longer than the biggest hitters in the PGA, Jim Dent and Fuzzy Zoeller. And he hits the baseball the same way. It jumps off his bat as if it were hit with a one-iron."

Boston has so many brutes in its lineup that Rice says the Sox are getting blasé about homers. "We've got this standard routine as the dugout now," he says. "When a guy comes in after a homer, someone will ask him, 'Hey, man, you get it all?' The answer's always, 'Nope.'"

Lead-off man Burleson (.315) and ninth hitter Doyle (.250) are the only non-sluggers in the order. Yastrzemski, who is growing old as gracefully as his predecessor in left, Ted Williams, was hitting .304 and had 14 homers. Fisk was leading the league in runs scored with 57, despite batting fifth. The main reason he had that many is Hobson, who bats eighth and is in effect the lineup's second clean-up hitter. Hobson was fourth in the league in RBIs and was batting .333 with men on base.

Seven weeks ago the shoe was on the other foot. Red Sox pitchers had given up more home runs than their teammates had hit, and the club seemed to be going nowhere. Then one night in Seattle, Lynn begged Manager Don Zimmer to change the lineup card and let him play, though the injured left ankle that had kept Lynn

out of the first 27 games of the year was not healed. Zimmer relented. Lynn smashed home runs in his first two trips to the plate, and Boston has been off and slugging ever since.

On May 22 the Red Sox trailed Milwaukee 10-4 in the seventh inning, yet came from behind to win 14-10 on the strength of six home runs. It was one of three times they have hit six this year. The next week they trailed Kansas City 8-2, but rallied to win 17-12 on six more homers. Reliever Bill Campbell, the once expensive free agent Boston was able to afford before Mrs. Tom Yawkey tightened her purse strings, got the win in that game and has been virtually untouchable since. He has eight saves and two victories in his 12 most recent appearances. On June 8, the night before their first explosion against Palmer, the Red Sox scored 11 runs in one inning and knocked the Orioles out of first place by a 14-5 score. The next night they shelled Palmer. And the next week the home-run streak started.

Explaining how he came to be hot during the record run, Fisk says, "I'm actually seeing the ball coming off the bat. Amazing."

"I will do anything to stay in the groove," says Rice. "It actually starts when I wake up in the morning. Hitting is with me all day long. It's a total awareness, almost like a trance."

Snapping the fingers is not likely to bring the Red Sox out of the glorious trance they have been in, and an incident that occurred in left field last week suggests that some teams may have to turn to chicanery to break the spell. Pat Kelly, the Baltimore leftfielder, raced to the barrier, leaped and got a glove on a game-winning homer hit by Fisk. He could not hold onto it, but nobody could see for sure what had happened as he lay for a few seconds draped over the top of the fence near the bullpen. Some observers say Kelly spent his time on the fence reaching out with his glove as if he wanted one of the pitchers in the bullpen to stick the ball back in it.

He didn't pull off that ploy, but it was understandable that he may have tried it. After all, when you're up against Boomer and the Crunch Bunch, what else is there to do?

END

Rice, who hit .544 during a recent 13-game span, is second in Scott in homers for the Sox with 18.





On the day he went down, May 23, Steve Cauthen was at the top of the lists, riding low and hard. He had 275 winners, while no other jockey in the land had 150. He had racked up three-quarters of a million dollars more in purses than anyone else and was scoring with 27% of his mounts despite riding twice as many horses as the sport's stars. Willie Shoemaker and Angel Cordero were winning with just 15%, Jean Crugnet with 17% and Sandy Hawley with 19%.

The career of the superb 17-year-old apprentice could have ended that afternoon when his mount, Bay Streak, broke a leg while moving toward the lead in the fourth race at Belmont. Cauthen was barely conscious when lifted from the track. He had a broken arm, rib, fingers and would soon have as many stitches

as a rag doll pushed through a sewing machine. Ultimately, it was not the seriousness of his injuries but the psychological bruising he might have suffered that made people wonder if Cauthen could return to the track a big winner. He had never broken a bone in a fall, never had to confront fear.

At dawn last Thursday, the day of his comeback, Cauthen appeared on the Belmont backstretch wearing jeans with a large belt cinched with a silver buckle. On it was inscribed, "GGF [Golden Gate Fields] Thanks to Steve Cauthen. Largest Day, March 5." He had pulled 26,109 (who bet a record \$3,017,424) to the track near San Francisco.

Cauthen walked without a limp, and as he moved along quickly, heading for the track kitchen, grooms, trainers, hot-

walkers, owners and rival jockeys holstered from shedrows and out of car windows. "Good Luck, Steve." "Rooting for you, kid." Cauthen has been called "the next Willie Shoemaker" or "the embryo Ancaro," but there is some Gary Cooper in his makeup. He has already logged as many yups and mopes as he has winners, but when he wants to say something, it is apparent he has thought things out carefully.

"No, I'm not worried about coming back," he said. "I'm sound and well. I've known all along that sooner or later I'd have a bad spill and have to come back from it. A million jockeys before me have fallen, and a million got up and rode again. That's all there is to it. There are a lot of people stuck in jobs they don't like, but they tough it out. I've been lucky



On the morning of his return, Cauthen gravely considered his future as he sat in the track kitchen. Hours later he was winning, just as he had predicted

HE LOOKED A TIGER IN THE TEETH

Just a month ago 17-year-old Steve Cauthen had a brutal fall, but he rode back into the limelight at Belmont, displaying steely nerve and as much skill as ever

because I'm doing what I always wanted to do. It's still what I want to do, more so now than before."

Clearly, Cauthen had dismissed the accident, though Trainer John Nerud had said of it, "You will only see a worse one if someone gets killed." Three horses had gone down in a tangle. Cauthen's and one ridden by Jorge Velasquez had to be destroyed, and Velasquez broke an ankle and had severe cuts.

Nerud, for one, believed that Cauthen's confidence would not suffer. "He will come back all right because he's tough," the trainer said. "At 17 you can look a tiger in the teeth and if it snaps at you, you look into its teeth again."

When Cauthen left the pediatric wing

of the hospital in a wheelchair, his doctor said the cast that he had put on the rider's arm might remain there for six weeks, possibly longer. But Cauthen had it cut off after two weeks. By doing yoga exercises and lifting weights, he had strengthened himself to the point where he "couldn't stay away any longer." The quick return was a good sign, an indication that Cauthen was eager and unafraid.

As happens in fairy tales, The Kid won his first race back on a colt named Little Miracle, driving through horses in the stretch. He handled the mob of photographers and reporters calmly. As they pressed in on him, he advised them, "Patience—it's a virtue."

In his first three days, Cauthen accepted 16 mounts, won with five and finished in the money on six others. On Saturday he passed the \$3 million mark in purse earnings, an amount no apprentice has ever won in one season. Only 11 journeymen have made that much in a year—but they took a full 12 months to do what Cauthen has done in five.

This week Steve loses his five-pound apprentice allowance, but few horsemen think it will affect his winning. Cauthen also becomes the subject of a TV pilot, will be working on his authorized biography and plugging a record album called ... And Steve Cauthen Sings Too! (Bareback Records, Inc., \$7.50 at racetracks, \$3.99 in some stores). As a vocalist he is admittedly a long shot, but he's been at the top of the charts all along. Steve Cauthen is still No. 1.

—WILLIAM LEGGETT

STAGING A BATTLE ROYAL ON THE BRINY

When the 12-meters squared off in the first round of summer-long trials to pick the America's Cup defender, the victor in nip-and-tuck competition was the old champion *Courageous*, skippered by that brash Brava, Ted Turner by Coles Phinzy

Viewed from a quarter mile away—which is about as close as any spectator gets to them—the big, handsome 12-meter boats look too dainty and immaculate for the job at hand. Battling to windward, they lean together on one tack and then the other, then split and go their separate ways. The sun flashes off the spinning winch arms of one boat as it comes about and, as if cued by that wink of light, her rival wheels over to the opposite tack. As they converge and cross paths and separate and recross, the muffled violence, the clangor and clatter, the screech of steel cables on steel drums are all washed in the wind, so that from afar

the boats do not seem to be rivals dueling but graceful partners engaged in a courtly dance—provided, of course, that a lower spreader on one of them does not huckle suddenly to send the mast and 1,800 square feet of sail kerplunk over the side.

For all the seeming ease, the pressure and tensions are immense on both the machines and the men who sail them. When a 12-meter is heeled 30 degrees in a hard blow, the tug on its shrouds is about 20 tons, and the total pressure exerted at the foot of the mast is nearly twice that. The pressure on the skipper and the tension in the crew responsible

for the \$1 million racing baby are obviously considerable. When a boat is busing through lumpy seas in 25 knots of wind—taking the bone in her mouth, as they say—she may outfoot a rival, but if on a single tack the skipper and crew fail to come about smartly enough on an opponent's lee bow, the race can be lost. On the other hand, when skipper and crew are playing their parts perfectly on the wind and off, even in modest air, an interior tang or some other piece of hardware carefully handcrafted of the best Swedish steel by a cottage factory in Schmalz, Switzerland can suddenly part. When something like that happens—snap, crackle, pop!—over goes the spar and with it the fortunes of the day.

To judge by the Preliminary Trials staged last week off Newport to select the U.S. defender of the America's Cup, 12-meter men take the strain somewhat better than their boats. In the process of winning squeakers and occasionally losing big, the three skippers and their crews remained sober in purpose but light in heart, while their fast ships showed the temperament and brittleness of highly trained thoroughbreds.

Not surprisingly, the most ebullient and vociferous of the helmsmen was the leader in the competition, Ted Turner. His *Courageous*, the hull that defended the cup three years back, was on her way to winning seven races and losing but one—and that by only seven seconds, the equivalent of half a length in the Kentucky Derby.

It had been thought that *Courageous* would surely be no better than equal to the new 12-meters, Lowell North's *Enterprise* and Ted Hood's *Independence*. For starters, the new boats were being skippered by men who were not only the

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHNEHARDT



In the only race he lost, Turner (26) ate away a one-minute 35-second deficit to draw almost even with North (27) as they circled the leeward mark and headed for home. Against Hood (28), Turner also lagged, but won after a tense tacking duel.





Hood (left) and Turner have skippered cup boats but North (above) is new—and puzzled

world's finest sailmakers but eminent sailors as well: North's reputation as a Star class racer is legend.

Turner, admittedly, is an exceptional ocean racer, acid-tongued and demanding, with a remarkable ability to keep his crews keyed up through days and nights of competition. They are never allowed to become bored or sloppy. Instead of mutinying at his continual rasping, his crews respect and admire Turner and in fact, many of his ocean-racing regulars had been recruited for his America's Cup effort.

As a skipper of Twelves, however, Turner was suspect. In the 1974 cup trials he had been stuck with a dud, *Mariner*, a boat so slow in the preliminary races that her radical after sections were cut away and rebuilt on more conventional lines by her designer Britton Chance. When *Mariner* returned in August, Turner was replaced at the helm by Dennis Conner, a notable starer and a fine sailor. Turner was then handed *Mariner's* poor old trial horse, *Valiant*. Though his boats were outclassed, it was also thought that Turner, with all his bellowing, did not concentrate well enough to be a successful match-racing skipper.

Turner has proved just the opposite. Some indication came in the Congressional Cup last March, a head-to-head event that he won. Hood finished fifth and North next to last in a blue-chip field of 10.

In Turner there is some of the ambidextrous genius of da Vinci as well as the quick wits of an alley cat. Telling against the very best in a secondhand boat—if indeed Courageous may be called that—is an experience Turner can

relish. Yet, as he paced the dock between last week's races, he did not always seem to be his usual, unusual self. Winning big is not his style. He thrives on squeakers. He loves to battle with his back against a wall. If there is no wall close by, he will go miles out of his way to find one. After he beat Hood convincingly by about a minute in two shortened races of 10 and 11 miles, he was somewhat moody. When he beat North by 45 seconds in one race, then poked two feet of his bow across the finish line (the equivalent of a whisker in a horse race) to take another, he was more cheerful. On another day, after he slowly ate away a one-minute 35-second deficit through five legs and lost to North by seven seconds, and then in the second matchup changed leads with North twice to win by 22 seconds, he was jubilant.

Turner and Courageous duplicated the 1967 Preliminary Trials match-race record of *Intrepid* (which went on to two successful defenses of the cup). On that occasion the competition was notably weaker, because *Intrepid's* most promising rival, the redesigned *Columbia*, did not take part. But Turner's foes are far from conceding the 1977 defense to *Courageous*.

Although he won only two races and lost six, Hood remained his usual smiling tacit self, very humanly confessing ignorance as to why *Independence* sometimes moved well and too often did not. In a tacking duel on the last windward leg of the first race of the trials, Hood lost 20 seconds to North on *Enterprise*. In the last race of the trials, in the same sort of soggy, medium-heavy southwest wind, he made up more than

30 seconds in a similar close duel with *Enterprise*. How did Hood explain the improvement? He shrugged.

Before the series was done, the tough seas of one race had knocked the computers, which measure wind speed, direction and boat speed, off the mast of Hood's boat. On another brisk day the halyard hook holding up the mainmast gave way, forcing him to finish the trials with the head of the main jury-rigged.

But hard-luck honors ultimately went to North. In the course of eight days one of *Enterprise's* jibs was ripped at the seam and another was shredded beyond repair; a spinnaker shackle failed, several sheets were cut on protrusions, and the track of the head carriage broke so that *Enterprise* finished the series with her main jury-rigged aloft like *Independence's*. North's overall record was four wins and six losses, and bad luck was not the only factor in the defeats, as North was the first to admit.

If there is one lesson an America's Cup skipper must learn, it is to cover the opposition, that is to stay between your rival and the next mark in order to control his wind. In the first trial race of this series, North split wide away from Hood on *Independence* and, by so doing, turned a 12-second lead into a 34-second deficit. When the press asked him why, North said, "Sheer stupidity on my part. I have a tendency to do that, because in California where the wind is steady, we can get away with it. We had a 10-degree shift on that leg. We waited and waited for it to shift back. It did not shift back. I have learned my lesson."

In his experimental sails, North has used nylon and Dacron and Kevlar, triaxial weaves and unwoven goods—just about everything except hemp sack and wrapping paper. One of his jibs on *Enterprise* is called the "Blue Max" because it is pale blue. Accustomed to his zest for innovation, the press wanted to know: Is this blue stuff something new? No, North explained, the man who cut it happened to favor blue. Another jib was the shade of green commonly used in the Ploofilm trash containers sold in supermarkets and so is called "the garbage bag." Why green? Because, North explained, somebody donated the material to the syndicate.

North provided color but it was Turner who got the headlines from the start. Before he had won so much as one leg of a race, he invited his baseball team,

continued



WILD 5th FOR A FABULOUS 4th

In 1776, Benjamin Franklin proposed that the Wild Turkey be adopted as the symbol of our country.

The eagle was chosen instead.

The Wild Turkey later went on to become the symbol of our country's finest Bourbon. Have it on hand to help you celebrate America's 201st birthday!

Old Gold pleasure



Taste is why.



19 mg "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. 1976.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

the Atlanta Braves, to watch him do his thing on the bray. "If I have to watch them lose, they might as well see me try to win," he said. By the time the ball-players arrived, Turner had run up four straight victories, something the Braves had not done since late May. A few of the visitors, notably Henry Aaron, who is now in charge of player personnel, confessed that the tactics of the tall boats had them somewhat muddled. When one Brave said the tackling was not clear to him, Turner said, "Tacks are like snowflakes. They all look alike but every one is different." Vic Correll, a Brave catcher, had done some sailing while playing ball in Latin America, and to prep himself for the 12-meter event bought a copy of Roger Vaughan's *The Grand Gesture*, the excellent book-length account of the futile *Mariner* campaign three years ago. So impressed was Correll that he started collecting the autographs of 12-meter men in his book.

As if inspired by their boss, back home in Atlanta the following night, the Braves won in extra innings, Turner-style, from the San Diego Padres. Trailing by two in the 10th with a man aboard, the 21st Brave to go into the game was Correll. He knocked one out of the park to tie the game up. Then with two outs and Jeff Burroughs on, Junior Moore hit a double to the fence.

On the water, it was Turner going for the fences—and reaching them. After this first of three sets of selection trials (the next round begins July 16), *Courageous* stands 7-1, *Enterprise* 4-6 and *Independence* 2-6, but the actual difference between the boats is perhaps not so great as those scores suggest. In previous trials, boats that ranked more closely statistically have in fact been more erratic in performance. In the nip-and-tuck 1974 battle between *Courageous* and *Intrepid*, for example, the winning margins, even on shortened courses, exceeded one minute more often than not. In only five of the 13 races last week was the difference more than a minute; in six it was less than half a minute.

It is doubtful if there has been any earlier series with more honest weather conditions. The boats were never blown out or fogged out; there were few extravagant wind shifts and not so much as half a day of sagging, five-knot air with holes a boat might fall into. It was very steady going, and Turner and *Courageous* made the most of it.

END



NO ONE PUTS A TURNTABLE ON TOP OF A SPEAKER, RIGHT?

We asked someone who puts turntables even close to their speakers, but we did it to prove a point.

Which is it's now possible to build turntables that effectively deal with that unbearable "howl" known as mechanical and acoustic feedback.

The list of these new turntables are the Kenwood KF-3055 and KD-2055. They have a special base made of an innovative resin with an internal

acoustic absorber built into the speaker, and this built before they get to the new 5.25" solid tone arm.

Ask your Kenwood dealer to demonstrate it with your Kenwoods, and any other turntable in the store.

Then make a comparison.

Kenwood on price. Kenwood automatic KD-2055 costs \$139.

Kenwood automatic KD-3055 costs \$179. And that's amazing, right?



KENWOOD



KONICA C-35 EF. WITH BUILT-IN POP-UP FLASH.

The Konica C-35 EF is a pro-feature camera that's as easy to use as an instant-load. It sets exposures automatically. And it's the first 35 with a built-in electronic flash.

The C-35 EF has a professional quality lens. No wonder people say "The lens alone is worth the price."

See the C-35 EF at your Konica dealer. Or write for full details to: Konica Camera, Dept. 5203, Woodside, New York 11377.

Berkey



THE ONLY FUN MACHINES

Good times, Depression-style For a penny—a nickel at the most—you could play golf, football, baseball, hockey, and go home feeling like a million dollars

by ROBERT CANTWELL

The most popular exhibit at the Detroit Historical Society these days is a show called Fun Machines, a collection of primitive slot machines, antique pinball games, fortune-telling devices and—the pièces de résistance—the coin-operated “sports” machines that were once staple attractions in penny arcades across the U.S. On display are automatic horse races, golf games, basketball games and soccer, football, hockey and baseball games similar to those shown on the next four pages, all of them playable by anyone athletic enough to put a coin in a slot and pull a lever.

The machines’ appeal might be called nostalgia, except that the enthusiastic youngsters who crowd the museum can hardly be yearning to return to an idealized past, because they never knew

these games in their heyday. The great period of coin-activated sports machines was brief—roughly from the mid-’20s to World War II—though the real boom began with the stock market crash in 1929. The Depression, a disaster to most industries, generated an amazing outburst of ingenuity based on the penny or the nickel, producing thousands of machines designed to give a player a chance to win something for his coin. The contrivances reflected much of the flavor of those years. They were inherently and unashamedly cheap, popular, lowbrow. They were ingenious, yet seemed to be almost homemade. No matter how carefully and sturdily the games were fabricated they appeared to have been put together out of old stuff lying around a hushment. In the baseball games, the catchers looked like some primitive artist’s attempt to sculpt Aztec gods. In the soccer games, the players wore long knitted sweaters—really knitted—to cover the joints that enabled them to kick. The games were a poverty amusement and faded away with prosperity.

In many of these games you got a ball of sugar-coated chewing gum whether you won or lost. Each penny deposited in the innards of the Vest Pocket Bas-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

FOUR
CORE
30
PAIR
50
GOOD
70
EXCELLENT

KICKER
AND
CATCHER

60

THREE
BALLS

for

ONE CENT

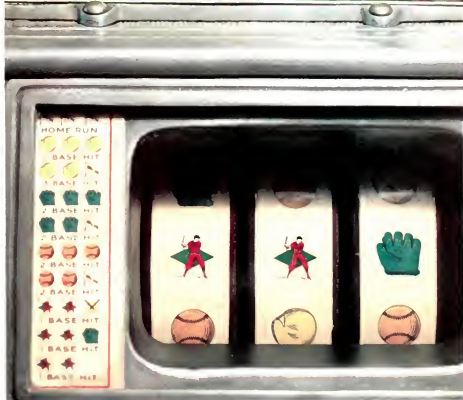
TRY YOUR SKILL * **FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY**

Each Coal Ball Scores and Returns for Extra Kick

1c







FUN MACHINES continued

ketball Game returned a ball to the player again and again, until he finally scored a basket. The promotional literature for Scientific Golf reads, in part: "The figures wield actual golf sticks and drive a regulation-size golf ball." (A genuine golf ball was often the prize awarded for a hole in one.) The Western Electric Piano Company produced a mechanical piano with a horse race game attached. "The machine is both an instrument and a game," said its proud inventor. "The player selects his favorite [horse] and deposits his coin. As the selection is playing, the horses dash in a realistic manner around the track."

There were two essential requirements for sports amusement machines. One, the action had to be fast. "The average cent lasts about 10 seconds," said an advertisement for Bat-a-Penny. And, two, the action had to be heavy. In K.O. Fighters two players on opposite sides of a glass-enclosed ring used a remote-control grip-handle to move their fighters around—"slashing, blocking, rushing, sidestepping [read the ad]. Suddenly—SOCK ON THE JAW—he's out and he crashes to the floor."

The early models of these contraptions were actually fabricated in basements by craftsmen of whom little is known. One was a man named Montague Redgrave, who in 1871 secured a patent for a mechanical bagatelle game—the ancestor of pinball games, in which the ball is propelled up an inclined plane and encounters obstacles as it rolls down to land in holes with different values. Another inventor was one William Nicolls McMamus of New York, who in 1888 patented a mechanical racetrack. Charles Fey, in his Market Street shop in San Francisco, achieved a breakthrough when he combined gambling devices with coin-operated vending machines. He created a prototype of the modern slot machine, as well as fruit-vending contraptions in which an apple or an orange rolled out when a coin was deposited. His business lasted from 1888 until the 1906 earthquake.

The first successful manufacturer of

coin-operated gambling machines was Herbert Mills, an Iowa who opened a factory in Chicago in 1897. He produced The Owl—one of the most famous of early slot machines—the Three-for-One and On the Square. Mills also built a coin-operated punching bag that measured the strength of blows landed on it. But his greatest success was the Violino-Virtuoso, a coin-activated piano-and-fiddle duet, which he introduced in 1906 and which sold for either \$2,000 or \$3,000 depending on the model. You can now buy one for about \$6,000, if you can find it.

By the '20s there were so many manufacturers that secrecy became the order of business. New models were brought to conventions and kept in locked rooms, to be shown only to insiders. One of the hits of the industry's 1927 convention was the Chester-Pollard football game. Frank Chester, an electrical engineer, and his brothers Charles and Ernest bought the patent rights to an English soccer game, converted it to American football, built 100 samples and quietly tested it in selected locations for a year. Chester-Pollard next introduced their golf game, the penny model of which sold for \$150 and the nickel one for \$175. The golf game was a two-man competitive device, and 7,000 of them were sold the first month it was on the market.

"In one year 2,027 hotels accepted our games," said Ernest Chester. They were also placed in clubs, railroad depots and on steamships. In 1929 Chester-Pollard introduced Play the Derby—a match race between Man o'War and Sir Barton, twice around the track for \$5—at the Hotel Statler in Detroit. Next came their International Derby, in which the players spun wheels that moved the horses, but if a wheel was turned too fast, centrifugal governors disengaged a clutch and the horse balked.

A profusion of games began to appear: Hoot-Don Golf ("With the left handle you face the golfer in whatever you believe to be the proper position for shooting the hole. With the right handle you control his club, raise it above his shoulder, get the feel of it as you would in a regular game..."); Chester-Pollard's Baseball Game; a rival All-American Baseball Game in which the pitcher threw the ball at regularly timed intervals, and an automatic umpire signaled balls and strikes.

Chicago was the center of the coin-operated industry, with about 30 manufac-

turers, and by 1930 there were 250 manufacturers all over the country turning out some 400 different machines. Their output became more and more ingenious. For a nickel, a machine built by Henry Yates of Ohio set off a veritable whirlwind of actions that included "Negro dancers, a pair of prize fighters, different animals doing stunts, Maggie swatting Jiggs with a rolling pin and a full orchestra with a very comical drummer." You could test your strength on machines such as the Braying Jackass ("The more you lift, the louder he brays") and the Tiger Tail Puller ("Pull the tiger's tail and hear him roar"). There was the Singing Bird Gum Vender: "Two birds sing and go through lifelike movements when a penny is deposited."

By the mid-'30s the industry employed 250,000 people. There were some large corporations, such as Bally (now the biggest) with its scrumage football game, and Rock-Ola, whose World Series game, produced in the spring of 1934, sold at the rate of 1,200 a day.

From time to time Chester-Pollard and other manufacturers tried to jazz up their products, encouraged, perhaps, by the fact that the Maharajah of Indore was so taken by the games that he temporarily abandoned haccarat at Nice and Monte Carlo and spent his time trying to hook prizes out of a heap with a coin-operated mechanical crane—or so the gossip columns had it.

The hand-operated machines could not compete with the sophisticated, electric, multicolored and many-lighted pinball machines that began to appear in the late '30s. The contraptions simply disappeared, vanishing so completely that they are valued today as antiques. A claw machine like the one that captivated the Maharajah is now worth as much as \$1,000. Along came games featuring Buck Rogers/Flash Gordon rocket launchers and cosmic death rays. One of the first of the new order appeared in August 1935, just when the hand-operated baseball games and horse races seemed to have reached their peak. It was Mills' Pearl Harbor Game, one shot for \$5, in which the object was to propel a pellet resembling a pearl through reefs to "blow up" harbors. According to the ad, "No game ever had so much suspense, action, change of pace, variety of interest as Pearl Harbor delivers ON A SINGLE SHOT."

Baseball was incidental to this nickel slot machine which returned two nickels for a one-base hit (shown), four for a double and the jackpot for a homer. By turning knobs, players could move the men around the bases and also keep score.

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU GROW UP?

Amateur athletes who make a name for themselves at a tender age often discover that their celebrity becomes a hindrance in the real world **by JANICE KAPLAN**

Debbie Meyer, who won three gold medals in the 1968 Olympic Games, thought about retiring from swimming for two years before she actually did it. On Jan. 10, 1972, when she climbed out of the pool after a practice, she told her mother that she was never going back. "She had said that before but always cried," says Betty Meyer. "When she didn't cry this time, I knew it was the end." The Munich Olympics were less than a year away, and Meyer had a good chance to repeat her Mexico City triple. But she wasn't interested. "When the motivation is gone and workouts become a chore, you stop," she says. "Even if you're only 19."

There is no golden-age home for re-

tired athletes barely out of their teens. Nobody offers them gold watches or Social Security, and there are no chapters of Champions Anonymous to save them from growing sad and flabby. Some young athletes handle the transition from champ to ex-champ gracefully, but for others it's an occasion for soul-searching and identity crises. Like many of those who retire at 65, they face financial problems and the ponderous question: What next?

Debbie Meyer's retirement did not begin auspiciously. Eager to try something that had been forbidden while she was in training, she went to Lake Tahoe for a ski weekend, and on her first run down the beginner's hill—zap! a broken ankle. The mishap didn't seem important. Because she no longer had to adhere to the Olympic vow of poverty, Meyer conceivably could have sat back and picked up some big-money endorsements. But the Mark Spitz course on "How to Pack a Star Athlete" wasn't available, and Meyer didn't know how to proceed. CBS signed her on to do occasional commentary on Sports Spectacular, and she worked for the Speedo swimsuit people, but that was it. "After all the times I'd said that I owed my success to Skippy peanut butter, I thought sure I'd get to do some commercials for them," she says. "But I had received my publicity a few years earlier, and now there wasn't any interest."

As a teen-ager, Meyer set 15 world records and 28 individual American records. Along with her Olympic triumphs at 16, she won just about every award that any organization in the world—from the Soviet news agency to the AAU—had to bestow on an amateur athlete. While her high school classmates in Sacramento, Calif., worried about boyfriends and fraternity pins, Meyer thought about get-

At 16, Debbie Meyer won three golds in swimming at the 1968 Olympics. When she retired at 19, she gained 50 pounds and sought anonymity



ting to bed by 9 p.m. in order to be rested for her early-morning workouts. Usually when she dated, she was in a group with other swimmers who had been approved by her coach Sherm Chavoar. For Meyer, the world was divided into swimmers and non-swimmers rather than boys and girls. She had a strong sense of herself as an athlete, a good athlete, and that was enough.

But it wasn't enough when she finally left swimming. All at once the real world was more chilling than an early-morning swimming pool. "I didn't know what people who weren't swimmers were supposed to be like," she says, "and it suddenly occurred to me that everyone saw me as an athlete instead of as a normal woman." After giving up swimming cold turkey, Meyer sat home with her broken ankle and had an existential crisis. Depressed by the changes in her life, she tried to cheer herself with food. "All she did was hobble back and forth to the refrigerator," says her mother. Eventually, on her swimmer's diet of 6,000 calories a day, the 5' 9" Meyer ballooned from her competitive weight of 130 pounds to 180. "At first I was glad to get off the muscles and lose my jock image," she says. "But then I started building fat on fat and I was so ashamed of myself. The more ashamed I got, the more I ate."

By the next fall, Meyer realized that she had to do something to break the circle of self-doubt. She transferred from American River College to UCLA, but the move didn't help much. Surrounded by long-limbed supersvelte California girls, she hid in her room, trying to remain anonymous. On top of that her father had been offered a job in the Philippines, and her family was moving to Manila. "Usually children grow up and leave their parents," says Betty Meyer, "but this time we did the leaving, and I think Debbie was hurt."

Unhappy at UCLA, Debbie transferred to the University of California at Davis, but left after six months. Various doctors had given her weight-reducing prescriptions that hadn't worked; now

she decided it was time to really diet. She limited her intake to about 800 calories a day: a little chicken with curry powder, a quarter-cup of rice, some vegetables and a taste of fruit. In a few months she weighed 108. She went to the Philippines to visit her parents and her diet was over. "My mother went to hug me and there was nothing left to hug," Debbie says. "She got on the phone to her doctor, and I was in his office the next morning. He diagnosed anorexia nervosa, low potassium, urinary-tract problems, low blood pressure, anemia and broken capillaries. I was so proud of being thin that I didn't even know anything was wrong."

It took about five months for Meyer to coax her weight up to 120 pounds. Back in California, she worked with Sherm Chavoar, coaching young kids at his club, Arden Hills. "You can't imagine how nice it was to be waking up early in the morning and going to a pool again," she says.

Then, a year ago, Meyer was offered a

continued



Schoolgirl Denise Long got 111 points in a game, was drafted by Warriors, but she grew to dislike basketball. Now married, she's a bookkeeper.

position as assistant swim coach for men and women at Stanford. Deciding it was time to start leading her own life, she moved to Palo Alto.

At the end of her first season at Stanford, Meyer's confidence was up. The men's team came in seventh in the NCAA meet in March, up three positions from last year, and the women's team finished second in the AIAW championship. "There were a few headaches," she says, "but I realized how much I still loved swimming." In April, her parents came over from the Philippines to see her inducted into the International Swimming Hall of Fame. In May, Meyer announced that she was once again moving on. Dale Aigner, president of Speedo International Limited, had convinced her to join the promotion department of his company on a full-time basis. "I've proved to myself I can coach," she says.

"Now I want to prove I can be a businesswoman." Her salary at Stanford was only \$5,400; Aigner offered her a lucrative contract with benefits that include a company car. "It's taken a long time," says Debbie Meyer, "but I guess I'm all grown up now."

Downstate from Meyer, just a few miles off the San Bernardino Freeway in San Bernardino, Calif., John Williams lives in a small, neatly furnished apartment. To the rest of the country, archery may begin and end with William Tell, but in the San Bernardino Valley it's a major sport. By all rights, Williams, who won an Olympic gold medal in archery in 1972, should be the local guru. Instead, there was a time when people didn't talk to him as he walked down the street, and he had to put his gold medal to one side, where it couldn't become as tarnished as his reputation had.

The bitterness and pain that accompanied John Williams' retirement were unexpected. When he heard the national anthem played for him in Munich he was 18 years old, and he assumed that the tune augured a glistering future. The people of Cranesville, Pa. put a sign at the town line saying: HOME OF JOHN WILLIAMS and named a street in his honor. A lovely blonde Englishwoman named Kenzie Roberts met him during an archery tour, fell in love with him and moved to America to marry him.

Williams began shooting arrows when he was eight and at 17 won the world championship. After Munich he decided

there was nothing left for him to win as an amateur, so he signed a contract with AMF-Wing Archery. His yearly fee \$7,000 would hardly pay Dorothy Harill's hunderdreser bills, but it was big money in archery circles. He enrolled at Texas A&M in order to be near the Wing factory in Jacksonville, Texas. His job at his archery required so much time at travel that his grades suffered. He decided to leave school and move to California, where Wing had many business contacts. There Williams enrolled in San Bernardino Valley College and works as a volunteer with its high-ranks archery team.

Williams felt he was resented when he swung into town with his gold medals and began giving advice to some of the best local archers. His natural cockiness did nothing to allay that resentment. "It wasn't my fault that I helped a lot of people improve," says Williams, "but some people said I had a 'disruptive influence' on college archery. When I was a teenager, I had a reputation for being pretty wild, but I had settled down then it was just jealousy."

Things came to a head at the 1971 national intercollegiate championship where Williams was working as an official. At the awards banquet, a prominent woman coach was given an award and received a standing ovation. "Kenzie and I didn't stand up and applaud because we didn't think she deserved it," Williams says. "But that was it end for me."

That July, Williams entered the Pro

CONTINUED



1972 Olympic silver medalist Fritz Hobbs (third from left) is a successful investment banker after having recovered from a brief bout with postcompetitive blues.



Invite The DeKuypers to your next pool party. They mix so well.

The DeKuypers mix delightfully in any crowd. In a tradition of quality that goes back to 17th-century Holland, these 33 premium liqueurs are made with choice ingredients, so each can make a partyful of delicious drinks. (Below, five tasty examples.) Bring on The DeKuypers—The DeKuyper Liqueurs—night or day.

Sloe Sour
1 oz. of Sloe Gin
1 oz. Requin
Serve in tall glass with
orange juice and wedge
of lemon

Apricot Shower
1 1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
1 1/2 oz. white wine
Add soda over ice in a tall glass.

Apricot Sour
1 1/2 oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
1/2 oz. lemon juice
Splash of soda over ice.

Spring Garden
1 1/2 oz. Apricot
Flavored Brandy
Orange juice over ice.
Add wedge of lemon.

Sloe Fizz
1 1/2 oz. Sloe Gin
Serve in tall glass with
ice and fill with bitter
lemon. Garnish with
orange slice and cherry

The DeLicious, DeLightful DeKuypers.

Apricot Flavored Brandy, 70 Proof. Sloe Gin, 60 Proof. Products of U.S.A. John de Kuyper & Son, New York, N.Y.

A close-up photograph of a man with dark, curly hair. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight, knowing smile. A lit cigarette is held in his mouth. His right hand is raised to his face, with his index and middle fingers extended in a 'V' shape, mimicking the brand's logo. The background is out of focus, showing some foliage.

Viceroy

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



More Tobacco
& Less 'Tar'

...than
Winston or Marlboro.

Instead of using stronger tobacco,
Viceroy uses *more*¹ tobacco & a *lower*² 'tar' blend
than Winston or Marlboro.

The result is a mild, fully packed cigarette
with an extra satisfying taste.

And yes, lower 'tar' than
Winston or Marlboro.

¹ DURING 1976 VICEROY KINGS HAD BY WEIGHT 22.35 MGS MORE TOBACCO THAN WINSTON KINGS AND 11.52 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN MARLBORO KINGS (AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE).

² VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE, AGED-BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW 'TAR' TOBACCOS AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN 'TAR'. VICEROY 16 MGS. 'TAR', WINSTON 19 MGS. 'TAR', MARLBORO 18 MGS. 'TAR' AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE (FTC REPORT DECEMBER 1976.)



I WANTED EVERY- THING IN MY POCKET.

I wanted the best of both worlds... the flexibility and range of telephoto and automatic exposure plus the go-anywhere convenience of a pocket camera.

The Kodak Tele-Instamatic™ 708 camera.



It takes big, colorful pictures. Actual picture size $3\frac{1}{2}'' \times 4\frac{1}{2}''$.

less than \$96.

Outfits with Kodak color film & lightbox slightly more

It's like having a pocketful of cameras.

First, it shoots big, colorful pictures two ways, telephoto and normal, at the flick of a switch. And it's got automatic exposure control. (The electronic shutter and lens opening are programmed to give me the right exposure in different light conditions.) I can focus from 3 feet (for clear sharp close-ups) to infinity.

And since the viewfinder changes from normal to telephoto with the lens switch, I frame my pictures accurately. There's much more, a lens cover that doubles as a shade, my own monogram, double-exposure prevention, low-level light indicator...the list goes on.



Make the most of the times of your life.



Frank giving the ball a ride out of the shade.



25 mm shot of Frank



Telephoto 43 mm shot of Frank.



Little Anne in a rare quiet moment.

own your own Kodak camera

Tele-Instamatic 708

Price is subject to change without notice



fessional Archers Association championship for the first time. Although he was technically an "apprentice," he won the tournament and got a poor man's version of winning golf's Masters championship: a \$1,000 check and a PAA blue blazer. A few months later, he received a note telling him that he had been thrown out of the PAA.

The PAA did not publicly discuss the Williams affair in detail, and the only official reason given for his ejection was "conduct unbecoming a professional." Williams says he spent a lot of time trying to get the PAA to detail the charges against him. According to Luann Ryon, the 1976 Olympic gold medalist and current women's world champion, whom Williams coached privately, the suspension was no mystery. "It was the most awful example of petty jealousy you can imagine," she says. "Coaches wrote letters to the PAA about John. Because he had a reputation for being wild before all this, it worked. One coach claimed that John always had drinking parties and orgies for the students. Well, I like John and Kenzie a lot. I've been to all their parties and, frankly, they're pretty boring."

Word of the contretemps reached the Wing company, which checked with the PAA. The PAA had not let Williams see the critical letters it had received, but it

showed them to Wing, which decided there was nothing to the "scandal." Indeed, the PAA eventually reinstated Williams.

He is still working for Wing, under a slightly different contractual arrangement, while finishing college at California State at San Bernardino. He is also competing and doing private coaching. "That incident set me back an archery five years," he says. "After 13 years of devoting my life to the sport, I damned near quit. I was beginning to wish that I'd never picked up a bow and arrow."

Franklin W. (Fritz) Hobbs IV, 29, is vice-president of an investment banking firm in New York. With his prep school-Harvard-Harvard Business School background, he looks comfortable in gray pinstriped suits. He frequents a private men's club in the city to play squash several times a week. A member of the U.S. heavyweight eight that won the silver medal at the Munich Olympics, he is now doing very well in his Wall Street job. At business lunches, when older executives are talking about mergers and acquisitions, Hobbs is sometimes asked what it was like to row in the Olympics. He gives a boyish grin and peppers his answer with such phrases as "sheer determination," and "the thrill of reaching

your impossible goals." Fritz Hobbs is very slick. "Winning that silver medal didn't hurt my business career," he admits with a wink. "Clients like talking with me."

Hobbs got his M.B.A. while he was training for the Olympics. He had a job—and a future—waiting for him after Munich. "I knew when I came back with the medal that my life as Fritz Hobbs, jock, was over," he says. "I took a few weeks off to do nothing, then began working on Wall Street. The transition wasn't hard at all."

The men who rowed in the U.S. boat with Hobbs were mostly Ivy League's five Harvards, one Princeton, one Penn, plus an outsider from Wisconsin. "We were unbelievably close-knit," says Hobbs. "so we formed our own exclusive club." On their return from Munich, they began rowing together again, dubbed themselves the *Affe Achter* (Old Eight), registered with the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen and vowed to hold yearly reunions and row in the Head of the Charles regatta in Boston. They still haven't won, but they've finished ahead of some good crews.

"It's not that we're trying to relive anything," says Hobbs. "This is just a way for a group of guys who once shared something special to stay in *continued*



John Williams, who was an Olympic gold medalist at 18, turned pro but became embroiled in a bitter archery controversy he says set back his career five years

touch. I figure we'll keep rowing on the Charles until someone throws us out."

Hobbs says that he still feels emotional ties to rowing, but he was dropped from the Olympic Rowing Committee because his business kept him from attending meetings. He did manage to snag a position as rowing commentator with ABC-TV. "I wrote to Chuck Howard and said, 'Hey, you guys need a new expert.' I showed up at his office, and it was my banker's suit against his Gucci belt, but somehow we worked it out."

Hobbs' first assignment for ABC-TV was the 1975 World Games in Nottingham, England. When he returned home the postcompetitive blues, which he had earlier avoided, finally struck. After a period of reflection, he told his wife Linda that he wanted to row seriously again.

"She talked me out of it," Hobbs says. "Or at least she made me realize that I wasn't willing to give up everything and make sports my whole life. That's the problem with being an American in a sport like rowing—you can be deeply committed, but eventually the sacrifices aren't worthwhile. It doesn't pay." So he went to the '76 Olympics wearing an ABC banner instead of a rowing jersey with U.S.A. across the front. "You can never let sports become an all-consuming passion," Fritz Hobbs says.

There are sports that do pay, and a high school basketball star who averages better than 50 points a game usually spends more time thinking about college scholarships and NBA offers than early retirement. But back in 1969, when Denise Long graduated from Union-Whitten High School in Iowa, there wasn't much for a girl—even "the girl who rewrote the record book"—to do after high school in her sport. The 5' 11" Long was a celebrity in Iowa and got nationwide attention in her junior year when she scored 111 points in a game; in her senior year she averaged 69.6 points a game, including 101 points in one game. But women's basketball wasn't yet in the Olympics and colleges weren't looking for female high school basketball players.

"Anyway, it would have been degrading to play college ball," says Long. "Because the only ones who watched women's basketball in those days were the gym rats." Since she had played before crowds of 15,000 at state tournaments,

the idea of performing in front of a few yawning fans at Podunk U was not appealing.

But Denise Long didn't drift into obscurity when her high school career ended. In the spring of her senior year, she received a telephone call informing her that she had been drafted. "I thought I had been drafted into the Army," says Long. "Nothing else occurred to me." It certainly didn't occur to her that it was the NBA draft and that she had been picked in the 13th round by the San Francisco (now Golden State) Warriors. She was the first female player ever chosen by the NBA and the only selection ever to receive a dozen long-stemmed roses from management.

Franklin Mieuli, the publicity-wise owner of the Warriors, had figured that his team needed good PR more than it needed another draft choice. After Long was selected, she appeared on the *Today* and *Tonight* shows, was introduced to Bob Hope and kissed Robert Wagner. Of course, Long realized that the whole thing was a promotional device, although Mieuli was looking for women basketball players to entertain at home games. Long and the other women Mieuli recruited played before the Warriors took the floor and put on an exhibition at halftime.

"We were amateurs and we didn't get paid," says Long. "but Mr. Mieuli was very nice to us. Once after a game he passed out \$20 bills and told us to go have fun, and another time he gave us genuine Indian coins." Many of the players were Iowa girls like Long who had ventured West, thinking that the "women's league" at Warrior games would eventually start paying. "We were good, but we didn't get a whole lot of respect," says Long. Disappointed, tired of basketball, she returned home at the end of the season and later enrolled in the University of Northern Iowa.

Having Denise Long back in Iowa was a little like having Kareem Abdul-Jabbar back in Los Angeles—but the then slightly gawky and naive young woman wasn't sure how to handle all the attention. She began getting calls from men looking for dates. For some reason, innocent though she was, she had acquired a girl-about-town reputation. "It was the abyss of my life," she says. "Everybody knew me, but I didn't have one friend. I don't know how all the rumors started." At one point, several men from a fra-

ternity house got her alone and made enormous advances that terrorized her. They backed off when Long dissolved in tears. "I realized that I couldn't trust people anymore," Long says, "but I could trust the Bible."

For the next few years, local reporters wrote stories bemoaning the fact that Denise Long had no place to play basketball. What they did not understand was that she had developed an aversion to the game and was setting her sights on other things. "I'd had an unhappy childhood and sports had saved me," she says, "but later basketball became my God—my idol—and I had to get rid of it in order for the real God to come." She immersed herself in her studies. "I got a lot of obscene phone calls," she says, "but I'd just say, 'You can't hurt me because I've risen with the Lord.' That stopped them."

Throughout high school Long had been accustomed to gulping Pepto-Bismol before basketball games. Now the high-strung young woman settled down, transferred to a Bible college and began to date David Sturdy, a fellow student four years her junior. A year later they were married in her hometown at Denise Long Park, in front of television cameras from *Wide World of Sports*. "I guess ABC wanted to show what happens to prominent women sports figures," she says. "They showed me playing in high school and lecturing at basketball camps and then at the wedding. I'm a pretty accommodating person, so when they asked to film the ceremony, I agreed." As usual, she wasn't paid.

Now living with her husband near Easter Lake, just outside of Des Moines, and working as a bookkeeper, she admits that for most girl basketball players in Iowa the state high school tournament is the zenith of their athletic careers. The night her team won the championship game (she scored 64 points), she went back to her hotel room and sat there all alone. "Everyone else was going wild, but I remember looking out the window and thinking, 'What now? So what if we've won?' It all seemed very empty."

Denise Long Sturdy no longer has such doubts. "People who retire from amateur sports careers are not sure where they're going next," she says. "That used to be a trauma for me, too, but it's not anymore. Now I know I'm going to Heaven." **END**

"You can benefit today by joining the **USTA**"



The United States Tennis Association Offers Something for Every Tennis Player

"I'm a member of the USTA because I play tennis socially and believe the organization can both help my game and enhance my enjoyment," says Lloyd Bridges. If you join the USTA, you'll benefit immediately by receiving the items* listed below free with your membership card.

-
- USTA decal • Tennis racket cover
 - Jacket patch • New rules booklet
 - Key chain tag • Subscription to Tennis, U.S.A.
-

*The items you'll receive depend on the membership classification you join. All members get some combination of the above

And, every year, the USTA will offer you a selection of optional benefits like travel packages to tennis and sports events, specials on tennis resorts, group life insurance, car rental discounts, special prices on select tennis apparel, 10% discounts on all publications sold by the USTA...all values that will be available exclusively to members. In addition, you'll have access to literature and films from the USTA's Educational and Research Center which can help improve your game.

Whether you're a serious tournament player or social weekend, the USTA has a membership for you. Call for a membership application today.

To join call Toll Free (800) 243-5676. In Conn. (800) 882-6500

United States Tennis Association Incorporated, P.O. Box 832/Radio City Station/New York, N.Y. 10019

More information on this program will be available in **Wilson** tennis ball cans in retail shops this summer. Look for the specially tagged **Wilson** cans. The **Wilson** Ball is the Official Ball for all USTA National Championships

An Indian tomahawked

Frank Robinson, the first black skipper, got the ax in Cleveland after a few players, the general manager and even the play-by-play announcer had their cuts at him

When Frank Robinson took charge of the Cleveland Indians in 1975, he became the first black manager in the major leagues. Last week, almost inevitably, he became the first black manager to get fired. His dismissal came just after his fifth-place team had swept two games with Detroit, it also came at the end of a stormy stretch during which Designated Malcontent Rico Carty stood up at a booster-club luncheon and lamb-

asted his manager, during which the team's broadcaster openly advocated Robinson's dismissal, and during which Cleveland General Manager Phil Seghi behaved in such a way that his manager could have sued him for nonsupport. Yet Robinson left quietly, after shaking hands all around the clubhouse. That must have been painful to do with at least three tomahawks in his back.

Robinson's firing was just one episode in what is rapidly becoming a memorable year in the cockeyed annals of managing. In May Atlanta's Dave Bristol was temporarily replaced by owner Ted Turner, whose previous experience at a helm had been on his yacht. At least Bristol got his job back. Four of his colleagues have not been so lucky.

The most recent victim (three days after Robinson) was Texas' Frank Lucchesi, whose team was only four games out of first when he was fired. He was replaced by Eddie Stanky, who won his first and only game, got homesick, resigned, went home to Alabama and was succeeded by Connie Ryan. Meanwhile, the Yankees' Billy Martin reportedly came within the width of a postscript of losing his fourth managing job.

By all accounts, including Robinson's, his dismissal was not for racial reasons. On the contrary, some Cleveland observers thought Indian owner Alva (Ted) Bonda kept Robinson around longer than he otherwise might have because Robinson is black.

"That wasn't the case," says Bonda. "There wasn't any pressure. Actually, the black fans

never materialized at the park, although I know they took pride in him. It certainly had no effect on the firing."

What did have an effect was what Bonda refers to as "divisiveness down in the clubhouse" and "conditions beyond Robinson's control."

Carty, a black Latin, was the condition most beyond Robinson's control. Last season, Carty was ejected from a game for wearing an umpire over a strike call, and Robinson chewed him out on the bench. Relations were strained thereafter. On April 25, Carty got up to accept an award at a Wahoo Club luncheon and, with Robinson sitting three feet away, accused his manager of "lack of leadership."

On June 1, Carty pulled a hamstring muscle. He accused Robinson of failing to ask how he was feeling. The final straw for the manager came in Oakland on June 6, when, Robinson says, Carty loudly second-guessed him in the dugout and refused to discuss the matter afterward in the manager's office.

The Indians' and Robinson's problems did not stop with Carty. Infielder Luvell Banks, also a black, threw a tantrum, chucking equipment out of his locker and kicking a stool that smashed into a coffee urn. Then he refused to honor Robinson's request to come into the manager's office. Two days later, for reasons that remain unexplained, third baseman Buddy Bell, a white player, left the stadium and went home without telling any of the brass.

Obviously, Bonda had to do something, so he fired the manager, which Seghi had wanted to do at the end of last season, after the Indians finished fourth, and again on May 23 of this year. Robinson's replacement is his bullpen coach, 35-year-old Jeff Torborg, who last week built Robinson's final two victories into a nine-game winning streak.

Without mentioning the general manager by name, Robinson makes it clear that he thinks Seghi was at least partly at fault for the mini-mutinies. "The thing that made it difficult was that the players knew I did not have support at the top," he says. "If the players sense that a manager does not have front-office support, he's not going to have full control. And once he doesn't have full control over the players, the situation becomes very, very difficult on the field."

There was trouble in the broadcast

continued



Home in California: Robby unwound with his daughter

Turner Lake, British Columbia, Canada

Canada at its best.

Share some tonight.



Try the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist.

IMPORTED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS IMPORT COMPANY, N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 OR 85.8 PROOF, © 1976



I won't settle for anything less than taste.

A lot of cigarettes promise taste.
But for me, only one cigarette delivers. Winston.
I get real taste and real pleasure every time I light up.
I won't settle for less. Would you?



Winston King. Winston 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

booth, too. Announcer Joe Tait rapped Robinson on a local talk show, then repeated his criticism in an interview with the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I don't think Robinson has the mental or emotional capacity to manage well," said Tait. He added, "It's tough for a superstar to communicate with guys of less talent. I just don't think Frank knows how to stir them up the way he stirred himself up when he played."

The old, volatile Robinson might have tried to perform oral surgery on Tait with a microphone, but the calmer, more congenial 1977 model at first refused to comment. However, after he arrived at his home in Los Angeles last week, Robinson decided to defend the brotherhood of superstars.

"In baseball they hang on to clichés," he said. "This old saying has been around for years—that superstars don't make good managers. Let's take a little deeper look into this. How many superstars have been given an opportunity to manage in the major leagues, and what has been the caliber of talent on their teams? Usually they give a superstar a ball club where the talent is not outstanding, because they feel that his name will attract people to the ball park."

"They say catchers or 200 hitters or minor league players make the best managers, because they are 'students of the game' and are understanding of difficult situations. I've heard just the opposite from top players. 'How can that guy tell me what to do?' they say. 'How can he understand me when he has never been at the level I'm at?'"

"I'd like to see an outstanding player step off a big-league roster or wherever and be given a team with talent. Then we'd see what he could do."

Right now Robinson is back at his lovely house in Bel-Air that overlooks a tennis club. He was at the courts for five hours last Friday, but made sure he got home in time to watch Cincinnati play the Dodgers on television.

"I hope someone will call today and want me to be one of their coaches for the remainder of the season," he said. "A hitting instructor or a special type of coach. Next year I'd like to get back into managing, but I'm not going to sit here hoping someone loses his job."

There's no hoping about it, Frank. At the present pace, the rest of the season figures to include one tomahawked manager after another.

THE WEEK

(June 19-25)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST Philadelphia's Shortstop

Larry Bowa proved he is a good listener. "During batting practice, Pete Rose told me I was hitting the ball like a girl," Bowa says. "He told me I'd never take much of a ride on one of my hits." Before the three-game series against the Reds was over, it was Bowa who was needing Rose. Although he had hit only four homers in the past seven seasons—one for every 1,624 at bats—Bowa swung like a man and sent the ball over the fence as the Phillies (3-3) took the first game of the series 10-4 to end a nine-game, two-season losing streak against Cincy. Then, after walloping the first grand slam of his career in the seventh inning of a 15-9 Phillie victory the next night, Bowa could not resist getting in a few words to Rose as he rounded third base. "You can take a long ride on that one, Pete," he said. (Making Bowa's homer even more stunning was the fact that it was the first grand slam allowed in 21 years of pitching by Reliever Joe Hoerner.)

Bowa's listening paid off in another way. During the previous week's 3-2 loss to Cincy's Fred Norman, Bowa was told by Umpire Billy Williams, "You guys are swinging at his motion, and you're all way out in front of the ball." Bowa relayed the advice to his teammates, who shelled Norman in the 10-4 victory. Mike Schmidt kept up his robust slugging by hitting four homers, giving him 19 for the season, and Steve Carlton got his 106th win for Philadelphia and his 177th overall when he stopped Atlanta 4-2 on six hits.

It was almost time to rename the Pirates the Pittsburgh Slumber Company. But after manufacturing only 13 runs in their last six games, the Bucs' batters started to hammer away. In their next six games, the Pirates (5-2) scored 39 runs. Pittsburgh ended a seven-game losing streak by overcoming San Diego 5-3 when Phil Garner snapped a 3-3 tie in the eighth with a homer. Wayne Twitchell of Montreal silenced the Pirates with seven innings of perfect pitching, but Bill Robinson opened the eighth with a single and the Bucs went on to score four runs in the inning. Pittsburgh finally caught the Expos at 5-5 on Bobby Tolan's ninth-inning pinch hit and won 6-5 in the 10th, when Garner doubled and Robinson singled him home. Bruce Kison nailed the Expos 10-2 the next day, and for the first time this season, he finished without a blister on the middle finger of his right hand. Blisters had plagued Kison since he broke his fingernail in spring training. To try to toughen the nail, he had taken cod-liver oil, wheat germ, vitamins E

He even had a manicurist fit the finger with a ceramic nail, which fell off when he pitched. When Kison faced the Expos, his nail had grown sufficiently, and he went the distance without trouble.

Bobby Murcer of Chicago (5-1) enjoyed a rousing homecoming during his first game at Candlestick Park since he was traded from San Francisco. He slammed two doubles and a home run and drove in six runs. However, the Cubs did not finish off the Giants until the 12th inning, when Mick Kelleher drove in the go-ahead run with a triple. Also helping to keep the Cubs in first place was Rick Reuschel (10-2), who beat the Mets 5-0.

New York (2-3) scrambled past Montreal and out of the basement, thanks to Craig Swan's 8-2 win over Houston and a dramatic 5-2 verdict over Atlanta. Ed Kranepool tied the lunar game at 2-2 when he homered in the last of the ninth. Then Steve Henderson, one of the players acquired in the Tom Seaver trade, hit a three-run homer in the 11th. Beleaguered M. Donald Grant, the man who engineered the Seaver deal, was so enthused by Henderson's poke that he bounded out of his box seat and onto the field to congratulate the new leftfielder.

Steve Rogers and Gary Carter of Montreal (2-1) exhaled during a 6-0 defeat of Houston. Rogers (9-5) allowed only four singles in pitching his third shutout. Carter got four hits that day and batted .435 during the week.

For Eric Rasmussen of St. Louis (3-3), there was no place like home. His five-hit 7-1 victory over Philadelphia gave him a 6-3 record at Busch Stadium. On the road, he is 0-5. Bob Foeck (9-4) also defeated the Phillies, winning 3-2 with the aid of Ted Simmons' two-run homer and Rawly Eastwick's first save as a Cardinal. A pinch single in the 10th by Lou Brock resulted in a 4-3 win in Los Angeles. Ace Pitcher John Denny was again placed on the disabled list because of a pulled left hamstring.

CH 44-22PIT 37-29 ST, L 37-31
PH 36-31 NY 29-30 MON 28-38

NL WEST WELCOME TOM TERRIFIC

said a Riverfront Stadium banner as the Reds (2-4) met the Dodgers (4-2) in the opener of a four-game series. Noticing the sign, Dodger Manager Tom LaSorda doffed his cap and bowed to the crowd. Then the real Tom Terrific, Tom Seaver, made his first start for the Reds in Cincinnati, where he had not won since June 1972. Los Angeles welcomed him with two runs in the first. The most terrific Tom that night was Tommy John of the Dodgers, who allowed 10 hits but only two fly balls, one a homer, as he won 3-2. That victory increased the Dodger lead over the Reds to 9½ games.

When the phone rang at Johnny Bench's house the next morning, it was answered by his mother, who was visiting from Oklaho-

ma John can't come to the phone now, she told the caller. "He's eating biscuits and home-run gravy." Fortified by mum's cooking, Bench slammed his 15th and 16th home runs that afternoon as the Reds won 7-6. During the week, Bench had eight RBIs (Dan Driessen batted .550 and Ken Griffey .407; George Foster was 350 homers and 10 RBIs gave him the league lead in both categories with 20 and 64, but Steve Garvey of the Dodgers was not far behind. He slugged his 15th and 16th home runs and raised his RBI total to 63 by driving in 10 runs. Rick Rhoden (10-3) beat St. Louis 9-3 as the Dodgers eased the way for him by hitting four homers.

After 10 straight road losses, Atlanta (1-23) finally emerged victorious, beating New York 4-1 as Phil Niekro gave up 11 hits but stranded 12 runners. Back at home, the Braves overcame a 5-0 Padre lead and won 9-8. Junior Moore capping a pair of three-run rallies with a single in the ninth and a double in the 11th.

Three rookie left-handers had impressive victories. Bob Knepper, 23, of San Francisco (15-5) threw only 81 pitches against the Pirates, yielded five singles and did not permit a man past first base as he won 8-0. Bob Ochozinski, 22, was on the verge of achieving a San Diego fantasy complete game. Two runs from that goal, however, he gave up a hit and a walk and was replaced by Dan Spillner, who protected his 6-2 win over St. Louis. Thus, the Padres (11-5) still have had only one complete game all season (every other team in the majors has at least six). Randy Jones, who led both leagues last season with 25 complete performances, was placed on the disabled list because his pitching arm is still weak. The third young lefty who pitched well was Floyd Bannister, 22, of Houston (4-1), the No. 1 choice in the 1976 free-agent draft. Bannister muzzled the Expos 7-0 on a four-hitter and struck out eight. After four days off to rest a pulled hamstring, Bob Watson returned to the Astor lineup and hit for the cycle. Nevertheless, it took an 11-inning double by Jose Cruz to defeat the Giants 6-5.

LA 46-24 CIN 36-31 SF 32-44
HOU 31-61 SD 31-43 ATL 26-42

AL WEST During a doubleheader sweep of Oakland, First Baseman Lamar Johnson made Chicago fans stand up and take notice in more ways than one. Johnson first brought the crowd to its feet by singing the national anthem and then by getting all three White Sox hits in the first game—two homers and a double—as Chicago won 2-1. Francisco Barrera's 5-1 victory in the second game lifted the Sox (1-3) into first place.

Then came a showdown against the Twins (1-4), who had been on top of the West from April 30 until the White Sox took command. Minnesota regained the lead with a 7-6 win as Larry Hite drove in five runs and Lyman

Bostock homered in the bottom of the eighth. The Twins might have lost had Chicago's Ralph Garr not been denied a home run by a base-path blunder. Two runners were aboard when Garr drilled a ball to deep right field. Jim Ewson thought Dan Ford of the Twins had caught the ball, so he hustled back to first base. Garr, who thought the ball was still in play, zipped around Ewson on his way to second and was automatically out. Both Sox were wrong, the ball had cleared the fence. In the second game against the White Sox, the Twins were stymied by Chris Knapp, who went 8-1 to lift Chicago into first place by two percentage points.

Home runs led to all the wins as Texas won three of seven. Toby Harrah's ninth homer zapped the Twins 2-1. Cleveland Washington's three-run clot beat Minnesota 10-8 and Ken Henderson's blast trimmed the Angels 1-0 in 10 innings. The loser in that game was Frank Tanana, who earlier had earned his sixth shutout and 11th win by beating Milwaukee 7-0. Tanana could easily be 15-0 had in his four losses his California (15-3) teammates have scored only twice. One of the few Angels who hit well was Bobby Bonds, a .476 batter.

Seattle (4-3) squirmed out of the cellar as Ruppert Jones walloped a two-out two-run homer in the ninth to win Texas 2-1 and then hit two more to down Milwaukee 8-3. Jones now has 16 home runs and a crack at the league record for a rookie (17), set in 1950 by Cleveland's Al Rosen.

The A's (11-6) appeared to be on the rise when they hammered out 16 hits and beat the White Sox 7-1. But for the rest of the week Oakland bailed a feeble 182 and slowly sank in the West.

Fred Park of Kansas City got a standing ovation—"my biggest thrill in baseball"—when he picked up his 1,000th hit. Thus inspired, Park stole the 295th base of his career on the next pitch and moments later scored as the Royals beat the Mariners 4-3. John Mayberry's 11th homer helped Dennis Leonard knock off Oakland 3-0, and his double in the eighth clipped Minnesota 8-7. A fan wrote George Brett that the reason he was hitting poorly was because "you've got that big chunk of tobacco in your left cheek. It's interfering with your play and your concentration." The Royals' front office agreed so Brett chucked the chew and hitted .419.

CHI 28-30 MINN 30-31 KC 35-33 TEX 33-33
CAL 33-33 SEA 33-42 OAK 29-38

AL EAST It was unbelievable, said Reggie Jackson of New York (13-3) after a 12-11 win in Detroit. The Yankees, who had lost five in a row, built a 7-2 lead in that game as Cliff Johnson hit the first home run by a New Yorker in 202 at bats. But then the Tigers connected for four homers and led 10-7. In the

eighth, Craig Nettles ended an 8-for-14 slump with a three-run homer and Jackson added a two-run double as the Yankees struggled back to win. The next night Jackson was scratched from the lineup at the last minute by Manager Billy Martin. Martin explained the move by saying that Jackson had just had his eyes examined and his vision was blurry. Jackson, who has not been seeing eye to eye with Martin all season, did not agree with the diagnosis. At General Manager Gabe Paul's request, Jackson's eyes were checked during the game by Team Physician Dr. Maurice Cowen, who found the slugger's vision to be fine. Notified of this, Martin inserted Jackson late in the game and he delivered the winning hit in a 6-5 come-from-behind win which led off a three-game sweep of the 5-2 Red Sox (page 10) in New York.

Amid harmony and his Cleveland (7-1) slipped into fourth place, while Baltimore

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

ROD CAREW: The Minnesota first baseman was even more feared than usual at the plate, going 15 for 28 (.536). He raised his average to .398 and by building a 90-point lead he began setting in on his sixth batting title.

12 to 10, 11 to 10. The Braves took six-game home-struck by taking a double header from Toronto. Dennis Martinez was a 5-2 winner in the opener, and Rod Carew led the second game 3-1.

Mark Fidrych of Detroit (13-4) won his fourth and fifth games in a row. First he hand-cuffed the Yankees 2-1, allowing only three hits. Despite losing his first walk in 33 innings, the Bird then beat the Indians 6-4 with the aid of a three-run homer in the first by Rusty Staub and a two-run triple in the eighth by Jason Thompson.

Don Money of Milwaukee (3-2), who set five major league, four National League and five American League records as a third baseman, got his name in the record book two more times as a second baseman. His 12 assists in one game set a league record and tied the major league high. In addition to his line fielding, Money hitted 526 Rookie Larry Sorensen with a 7-1 vapor over Seattle on the day Money was so busy in the field the third straight complete-game win for the Brewers. Jim Sison started the streak with a 12-1 defeat of the A's as the Brewers had their most productive inning ever, an eight-run fourth. Jerry Augustine then stopped Oakland 5-1.

Dave Lemanczyk got Toronto's only two wins in three games. Both times he victimized the Orioles 7-1 on a five-hitter and 5-4 when Roy Howell drove in the winning run in the ninth.

BOS 41-27 NY 30-31 BAL 37-33 CLEV 33-32
ML 34-36 DET 30-37 TOR 25-43

AT THE OPEN, NO NEWS WAS BAD NEWS



ABC'S CREW INCLUDED THE USGA'S MAN HANNIGAN (LEFT REAR)

ABC's telecast two weeks ago of the U.S. Open's final round from Tulsa left two widely divergent impressions. One is that the network is extraordinarily skilled, flexible, even daring, when it comes to technical matters. The second is that the journalistic credibility of ABC—and, to be fair, CBS—should be questioned when golf is the subject.

ABC set aside four hours for coverage of the last round, and the network used the time to good effect, tracking the winner, Hubert Green, from the moment he teed up for the 1st hole until he dropped his final putt. The home gallery saw 64 of Green's 70 shots, as well as innumerable strokes by 15 other top finishers. Although this type of blanket coverage is often achieved in England and Australia, this was the first time it had occurred in the United States.

It takes a true golf nut to stick with that much golf on a Sunday afternoon in June, even when the event is as important as the Open. But ABC's effort was worth the watch, both as an American experiment in long-format golf coverage and as a demonstration of how useful the latest miniaturized equipment can be to sports television. And the network deserves high marks merely for having the guts to go ahead with its 18-hole show, because it had to use supervisory personnel to man most of its gear. ABC technicians had been on strike for more than a month.

The network deployed about 350 people

and 30 cameras, some of them the roving, shoulder-carried mini-cams that made the extensive coverage feasible. ABC did a good enough job to make all three networks reassess their plans for future tournaments. No longer can broadcasters or viewers be entirely satisfied with telecasts that show only four or five closing holes. In fact, a trend for golf already seems to be shaping up. Even while ABC was planning its 18-hole coverage, NBC was deciding that last year's industry-wide total of 66 golf telecasts was too much, and it will drastically cut down its telecasts of the sport. Golf fans, it seems, will be seeing fewer events in the future, but those they do see may well be covered like a blitzkrieg.

The second impression left by ABC's coverage—at least in the minds of those who think telecasters should act like journalists—is that the network should have told its audience Green had been the subject of a death threat. Although ABC was immediately made aware of the threat, the network never mentioned it. The reasons ABC and the USGA have given for this failure have been conflicting, but the fact is that the network had dispensed with journalistic detachment even before the incident occurred. ABC decided to use as "expert announcers" Frank Hannigan and Bill Campbell, both senior officials of the USGA, which conducts and promotes the Open and gets \$430,000 from ABC for the rights to telecast the tournament. One of the tenets sustaining journalistic integrity is that you do not employ representatives of the promoter to cover an event, unless you want to be called a shill.

When the death threat became known, the USGA tried to keep it quiet, because it honestly thought silence might help protect Green and because, self-servingly, it wanted to protect the reputation of the tournament. ABC's decision to go along with the hush-up, particularly after Green had finished his round,

is harder to explain. Did one of the world's largest news-gathering organizations not realize that the death threat was news? Or did ABC simply fail to pursue a story that the USGA by its silence hoped to suppress? Either way, it was bad journalism.

This was not the first time golf officials have attempted to influence telecasts. For years CBS has been accused of conducting its Masters telecasts exactly the way the members of Augusta National want it to. Announcers who work the Masters admit that they are "under pressures at Augusta they never encounter anywhere else." In fact, Jack Whitaker was barred from working the Masters for five years because he once described the crowd at the 18th hole as a mob.

Before this year's Masters, 33 rules "for the protection of the announcers" were given to CBS by the Masters television committee. Some of them were:

Never refer to the gallery or patrons as a mob or crowd.

Never estimate the size of the gallery.
Never refer to players' earnings.
Never refer to Masters prize money.
De-emphasize the players' antics.

Do not compare any holes at Augusta National with those at another golf course.

The water in front of the 13th green is not to be called Rae's Creek, but a tributary of Rae's Creek.

Make no reference to Masters tickets having been sold out.

Make frequent mention of the presentation ceremony to be conducted at the end of the final round.

Do not guess at where a ball might be.
Do not estimate the length of a putt.

Instead of identifying Lee Elder as the first black man to play in the Masters, say he is the first person of his race to play in the tournament.

CBS personnel claim the memo was largely ignored. Maybe so, but that is a very tepid response to a blatant attempt at censorship. Television has long maintained it can report events honestly while also paying millions of dollars in rights fees. As long as it employs the promoter's representatives as commentators, or fails to react vigorously to attempts by promoters to censor broadcasts, its reporting will remain suspect. **END**

The AC Spark Plug Dollar Sign.



We can help you save money the next time you buy spark plugs.

For a limited time, AC-Delco has made it possible for you to get one free AC Spark Plug when you buy seven — at participating AC-Delco outlets displaying this "Buy seven, get one FREE" sign.

If you need a tune-up, AC-Delco can help you save twice... once when you buy AC Spark Plugs, and again when you drive.

Look for this AC Spark Plug "Dollar Sign" wherever you go for parts or service.

While supply lasts. Void where prohibited.



AC-DELCO DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Can you find the oil well in this picture?



The oil well is in the center of the picture. Hard to find, isn't it?

The majestic forest lands of northern Utah. Home of tall stands of timber, roaming herds of elk and deer, blue skies and bubbling brooks.

When oil was discovered here, many people predicted the natural beauty of this splendid wilderness area would vanish. And its abundant wildlife along with it.

But when the people of Phillips Petroleum arrived, they did a lot of talking before they sank a single hole. They talked to the Forest Service. To the Department of the Interior. And many others.

When Phillips actually did start to drill for oil, they did it so carefully, hardly anyone noticed—including the animals that live here.



A closer look.

The natural look

Today the oil field they developed stands in harmony with its surroundings.

Pipelines have been buried and planted over. A system of unseen protection devices, warning systems, and overflow controls has also been installed to protect the forest floor from the possibility of oil leaks.

The environmental integration of these oil wells has been so complete, few forest visitors would even notice their presence.

An environmental award for an oil field

The whole idea was for our oil field to go unnoticed. But we're flattered that one group did take notice—the Bonneville Chapter of the American Fisheries Society.

For the first time in the 105-year history of the Society, one of its chapters issued an official commendation to an oil company for an oil field in harmony with its natural surroundings.

Making fine products for your car without forgetting our environmental responsibilities. At Phillips we have a word for it: Performance.

The Performance Company



She arrived in Great Britain at 6:30 on a miserably cold and rainy morning, but two dozen reporters and photographers were there to meet her anyway. During the following week she was given official escorts and the kind of attention reserved for personages. Then on the big day, her picture was splashed across several columns on the front pages of London's three most distinguished dailies. The *Times* caption began: *RESTING BEFORE THE ORDEAL...* The marvelous saga of Tracy Austin had wound its way to Wimbledon.

Over the 100 years of the lawn tennis championships of the All England club, there never had been anyone quite like Tracy Austin. The debuts of Evonne Goolagong (at 19) and of Chris Evert (at 17) had been noteworthy and charming. Lotte Dod had won the tournament back in 1887, after the invention of strawberries but before the founding of the BBC, and she was only 15. But their appearances paled before that of Austin.

And her braces. And her pigtails. And her size 6½ feet. And her cute little bib-and-tucker Disney World waitress pin-up. And, of course, her age.

"Fourteen," Chris Evert sighed one day, letting it sink in: "Eight years younger than me. Eight years!"

When the All England club rescinded its hoary age rule that competitors had to be at least 16, it was considered some kind of public-relations gimmick to capitalize on Austin's publicity, or to add much-needed interest to the women's draw, or to placate Captain Kangaroo or something. Though the club had a legitimate excuse because of her precocious achievements, it is doubtful that even the blue-blazered fathers of Wimbledon had any idea how well the kid could play.

Last winter, following her victory at Portland on the Avon futures circuit, Tracy left Dapple Gray School in Rolling Hills, Calif., during show-and-tell period to go up to the big league where she won four matches in four Virginia Slims tournaments, including defeats of Greer Stevens, the top-ranked woman in South Africa, and Dianne Fromholtz, eighth-ranked in the world. Twice she extended Rosie Casals, who was forced to stop hitting ground strokes and resorted to drop shots to wear Tracy down.

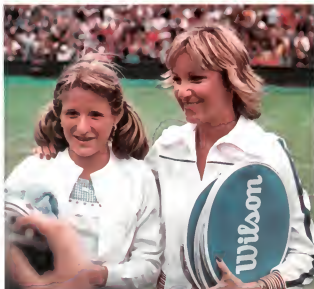
First she curtsied, then she bowed

Before their match, Chris Evert taught 14-year-old Tracy Austin, the darling of Wimbledon, how to bob before the Royal Box, then gave her a lesson in the game

Like Evert back in her basinet days, Tracy is all steely concentration and double-fisted backhands. Unlike Evert, she spurns long rallies to go for the big winners. She loves to charge the net searching for volley opportunities, which is not only rare for a girl of such tender years but also fairly dangerous for anyone who, at 4'11", 90 pounds, just makes it over the tape with her nose.

The British were captivated with Tracy. She seemed so fresh, bright, unaffected, cooperative, polite, outrageously nice—and had such a wonderful metallic smile—that everyone wished her well and predicted superlative things. More to the point, with women's tennis in its parlous state—Goolagong-Cawley a new mother, Margaret Court an old mother, Billie Jean King aging, Evert

continued



After Evert beat Austin 6-1, 6-1 she said that Tracy might already be a better volleyer than she is

Of all menthol 100's: Iceberg 100's are lowest!

Only
4 mg.
tar.



Some low-tar cigarettes use artificial flavorings. Not Iceberg 100's. Get Iceberg 100's with only natural flavorings. A little tar, a lotta taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

TENNIS continued

movie-star dating—Tracy just might have to be great. As Françoise Durr says, "Zere is no secret to Tracee. We need 'erso bad."

And here she came last week, scurrying along the paths and up and down the ancient staircases of Wimbledon, gaping at the players, buildings and enormous crowds; making such observations as "They should put tunnels in this place," and "If I eat one more strawberry, I'll throw up," and "All the women in London have red hair."

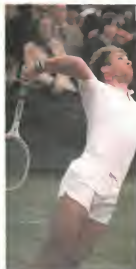
Tracy would sit with her mother in the lobby of the Gloucester Hotel and gawk at the famous faces. Billie Jean would walk up to tell Tracy that B.J.'s sheepdog, Lucy, could not make the trip and that the child should keep a diary for the future. Ilie Nastase would pass by, whereupon Tracy would tug her mother's sleeve and gasp. "Look, look, it's him! Oh Mom, don't look!"

Arthur Ashe described his first meeting with Tracy: "I recognized her immediately and introduced myself. I looked down and this glorious little face with that mouth full of railroad tracks was staring up. She's so tiny."

Along with all the delicious fairy-tale elements involved in playing Wimbledon at 14, her mother, Jeanne Austin, recognized the hazards. "Usually we can talk tennis and strategy," she said. "But she doesn't want to hear it this week. I can't get her to sit still. She's flitting around like a hummingbird. I think my daughter's ding-y."

When Mrs. Austin was asked if Tracy's meeting with Evert could have any ill effects, she answered like a true boxing manager. "I was hoping not to face Chris yet," she said. "It's too soon. But if Tracy gets crushed, it might show her how much work she needs. She might think, 'Look, kid, you get all this publicity, but you aren't that good.'"

For Tracy's first match at Wimbledon, against Elly Vessies-Appel of The Netherlands, her mother, father, grandmother, Coach Robert Lansdorp and 27-year-old sister Pam settled in with the crowd, six rows deep, around court No. 7, smack in the middle of Wimbledon's 14-court complex. Her three older tennis-playing brothers were back home, but they would have been proud of Tracy's 6-3, 6-3 victory, which seemed little more than a case of a nerveless baby taking can-



Unseeded Marion, 20, advanced to quarterfinals.

dy from a shaken and off-form adult.

Back in April, after Tracy had beaten Fromholtz at Sea Pines, S.C., the Australian girl broke down and wept. Vessies-Appel merely smiled and patted Tracy on the head. Translation: "Happy now, squirt? Why don't you go home and play with Raggedy Ann."

Lansdorp did not think his pupil had played well and he told her so. "She's still fighting the bounce off this grass," he said, "but the hardest part now is waiting for Evert. It's like death row."

Tracy's performance was not the only American surprise. Anne Smith, 18, took King to three sets, and a trio of young American men threatened to turn the tournament into a kiddie Wimbledon. Tim Gullikson, 25, knocked off eighth seed Raul Ramirez before losing to Phil Dent. Billy Martin, 20, reached the quarterfinals by eliminating 14th seed Mark Cox. Most surprising of all, 18-year-old John McEnroe, who had had to win three qualifying matches just to get into the Wimbledon lineup, beat Sandy Mayer to



Ljiljana McEnroe, 18, also made round of eight

make the quarters. No player obliged to earn a place in the tournament by qualifying had ever reached the quarterfinals in the 52 years since that procedure was initiated.

"Who is this McEnroe and how old is he?" one reporter shouted, following another upset by the New Yorker.

"Shanty Irish from Queens," was the reply. "He's 12."

Before Tracy and Evert took the Centre Court at 5:15 p.m. last Friday (you might recall that used to be just after nap time for children), nobody gave Tracy much of a chance.

"One game," said Pat Boutrom, another tour player. "I practiced with Tracy. She's not ready for grass."

"The kid is cute, but she's just here to learn the ropes," said Kristien Kemmer Shaw, who plays for the WTT Phoenix Racquets. "Chris is here to smash people. Love and love."

In the locker room King told Evert that finally she would know how Billie Jean had felt when Chris was a 17-year-

old beloved by all. Chris replied that she had to convince herself it wasn't her 9-year-old sister Clare on the other side of the net.

Except for the first game of the match and the 11th, Evert was in control of the classroom. After teaching Tracy how to curtsy to the Royal Box, Chris taught her a valuable lesson in power, depth, concealment and touch on the drop shot, about 400 of which she employed to win 6-1, 6-1 in 49 minutes.

Strangely enough, for what reads like your basic Evert massacre, the match was taut and much closer than expected. Chris won only 62% of the points, 61 to 38. Eight of the 14 games went to deuce and among the other six were Tracy's two successful service games, which she won at 30 and 15. Tracy also had seven break points in four separate games against Evert's serve, most of which she gave away through errors on service returns.

"I felt sick to my stomach the moment I stepped on the court," Chris said afterward. "I guess it was nerves and tension and the crowd pulling for her. Tracy's got more variety than I had at 14. Maybe her volleys are better than mine already [Austin won the 11th game by rushing the net four times]. But I never felt threatened. Hah! I sound so humble. This was my toughest match, emotionally. Compared to this, playing Billie Jean will be a piece of cake. It's funny I looked over and felt for Tracy. I wondered what she'll be like at 22. Will she be able to take the pressure?"

Facing a mass of reporters, Tracy said she had never seen so many people and she had had loads of fun and she would like to do it all over again because Wimbledon was special—"all the tradition and stuff."

It remains to be seen how good Tracy will be. Evert herself said we all must wait, and Ted Tinling, the tennis-dress designer, even pinpointed the year.

"Sixteen," he said. "Give Tracy until she's 16, when the soul takes over and the child either refuses her training or advances toward greatness. Right now she's just a puppet. All 14-year-olds are puppets on strings."

That could be. But in last week's unique moment at Wimbledon, America's new tennis puppet looked capable of cutting her strings very quickly. **END**

Of all filter 100's: **Lucky 100's are lowest!**

Only
4 mg.
tar.



Some low-tar cigarettes use artificial flavorings. Not Lucky 100's. Get Lucky 100's with only natural flavorings. A little tar, a lotta taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Sneva showed the boss he knew what he was doing while Foyt showed everyone who was boss.



Running fast and furious

Pocono winner Tom Sneva was cool on the track, and A. J. Foyt was hot under the collar in their 500-mile contest

It will not come as a shock to motor racing fans to hear that A. J. Foyt is known as a man of mercurial temper. When last we left A.J., he was wreathed in both flowers and smiles, having won the Indianapolis 500 for a record fourth time. Not far away was the driver who had started from the Indy pole position and finished second to Foyt: a comer by the name of Tom Sneva.

Now advance the scene to last Sunday afternoon at the Pocono International Raceway, a lovely 2.5-mile track in the leafy foothills outside Allentown, Pa. This time it is Sneva who is all smiles, having achieved three notable successes: he won the Pocono 500; he took over the lead in the USAC championship standings; and he outpaced the man who had beaten him at the Brickyard.

Sneva also proved something to his boss Roger Penske: a theory he had been trying to sell Penske for more than a year: he knows what he's doing. In winning at Pocono, Sneva demonstrated he had the experience Penske often thought he had lacked last year by lapping the entire field except for teammate Mario Andretti, whose second-place finish made it a one-two Penske sweep.

Near the end of last season, Penske had added the more celebrated Andretti to what had been a one-man (Sneva) team and then had benched Sneva in favor of Andretti for the last two races of the year. But this season it is a two-man show all the way, and as Sneva says, "They're beginning to trust me."

With reason. In addition to the pole and second place at Indianapolis, Sneva has won two races this year, and chances are Penske will be trusting him more often from now on, especially because the race setup for the winning blue-and-yellow Norton Spirit had been suggested by Sneva.

In addition to being the prettiest, Pocono is one of the most interesting tracks on the USAC circuit. The surface is bumpy—"well, it's O.K. as long as you don't put your tongue between your teeth," said Andretti—and shaped like a triangle with rounded corners. From the start, it also became evident

that this was to be the year's best race. The lead changed 20 times and there were always two or more cars dicing for the front spot. Andretti was up (starting from the front row) and down (in last place, half a lap behind the field) and up again, while Sneva held a smooth, steady pace, easing into the lead at Lap 162 and fighting them off the rest of the way home.

And what of Foyt? He dropped out on his 119th lap with a burned piston and was relegated to 15th place when the race was over, which seemed to end his week on as grouchy a note as it had begun.

On Tuesday, the opening day of practice, A.J. kept his Coyote in the garage, a strategy that did nothing to curb a rumor that he wasn't going to race at all. In fact, Foyt added his own touch to the story by claiming that an unknown rookie by the name of Sam Houston was going to drive the Coyote.

Moss folks close to the race were convinced that Foyt was holding out for appearance money from Dr. Joseph Mattioli, the Pennsylvania dentist-race fan who owns Pocono. But that wasn't the case, Mattioli insisted. "A.J. has never made a demand on me," he said. "He's never asked me for deal money and I've never discussed it with him. We want him here. He's a wonderful person and he's been very good to me."

But there was more on Foyt's mind than whether or not he got deal, or appearance, money. Last March, just after the Phoenix 150, Foyt had grabbed Johnny Rutherford's crew chief, Tyler Alexander, by the collar, shaking him vigorously while accusing him of ordering Rutherford to block him on the race track. Rutherford's McLaren team is sponsored by First National City Bank Travelers Checks. That concern is a product of Citicorp, sponsor of the USAC championship series. Fred Stecher, president of Citicorp Services Inc. and one of the most powerful men in racing by virtue of his control of the purse strings, was not at all pleased with Foyt's pugnacity. Stecher called Foyt's sponsor, Jim Gilmore, and suggested that he "verbally spank"

his driver. Foyt decided that Stecher's complaints to Gilmore and others were an insult. He yanked the Citicorp emblems off his driving uniform and race car, which automatically eliminated him from being eligible for the Citicorp Cup and its separate \$20,000 prize.

On Wednesday, Foyt practiced a bare minimum, his Coyote bearing rookie stripes, ostensibly for the mysterious Sam Houston. He still refused comment on whether or not he planned to race. At Thursday's qualifying, Foyt held back until the last half-hour, and was greeted by boos from the crowd. It annoyed him, he noted later, but it didn't slow him: his 189.474 mph average bumped Rutherford off the pole and moved Andretti to third. Behind them, in the second row, sat Sneva.

That done, Foyt made a rude gesture to the crowd, snubbed the track announcer waiting for the customary interview, refused to speak to newsmen and left the track. In parting, he said, "I don't like the way people act. Why

should I? Those guys who boo don't know what they're talking about. I think that by going out and taking the pole position I answered any questions that needed to be answered."

Later that day A.J. refused for a time to pose with Rutherford and Andretti for the traditional front-row photograph. The next night he stood up 250 fans who had paid \$6 each to have dinner with the pole-position winner. (One of the ironies of the banquet was that it was Sneva who accepted the award on behalf of the absent Foyt.)

Still, Dr. Mattioli had nothing but unctuous words for his difficult star. To the suggestion that A.J. owed Mattioli an apology for snubbing the track announcer, which couldn't have helped ticket sales, Mattioli said, "Mr. Foyt is a very intensive individual. This is his job. He's doing his business. I'm completely on his side. Everybody who knows A. J. Foyt knows he's that kind of an individual, and I don't blame him."

But Fred Stecher clearly did. Friday af-

ternoon he said he was seriously considering canceling Citicorp's \$400,000 sponsorship of the series as a result of Foyt's prima donna behavior. Said Stecher, "I don't think that it is in the best interest of Citicorp to be identified as a sponsor with a professional sports series where the conduct of the participants and the tolerance of that conduct isn't governed by rules within the sanctioning organization. I'm in no position to dictate to USAC, but on the other hand I don't have to sit down at a riot and pay the bills, either."

And thus ended another stormy USAC weekend. Some time before the race, Foyt had stuck the Citicorp patch back on his driving suit and passed two of the decals on his race car. He also approached Stecher for a quiet word at trackside. It is not known what was said. But after the race, Foyt parked his Coyote in front of his garage. Before he got out of the car, he ripped the patch off his chest. Then he went inside and closed the door.

END



Who says you have to be a jock to get Jock itch?

Chafing, rash, itching in the groin area—any man can get them, even if your game is jockeying a truck all day.

But you don't have to put up with them.

Cruex® medicated powder relieves the itching, the chafing, the rash. And because it's medicated, it fights the causes of jock itch.

Cruex. Made specifically for jock itch. It works.



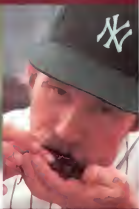
A cap, a glove and a wad to chew are classic baseball appurtenances.



Herman Franks, Cub manager



Darrel Chaney, Brave infielder



Sparky Lyle, Yankee pitcher

*This article may cause acute mental discomfort, nausea
and fainting spells, but stouthearted readers will learn
more than they ever wanted to know about . . .*

CHAWS

By Roy Blount Jr.

I remember when I was a young kid trying out with different clubs," says former major-league Pitcher Dick Hall. "It was something seeing real major-leaguers Clint Hartung really impressed me. He'd been a big-bonus rookie about a year or two before and he could spit all the way across the Giants' dressing room. A big, beautiful shot. He might have been the best distance chewer I ever saw. But Pittsburgh had some good chewers, too. Both O'Brien brothers chewed. They liked to spit on each other."

Oh, yes. There is holding, running, throwing, hitting, hitting with power. And then there is chewing. People don't always appreciate the talent involved in chewing. Or the teamwork.

They say that Rocky Bridges was managing from the third-base coaching box at El Paso when one of his players, Ethan Blackaby, hit a home run. As Blackaby rounded third, Bridges, extending a congratulatory shake, pressed a wad of wet tobacco into his hand.

Without a sign of emotion, Blackaby continued down the line and across home plate, where he was greeted by the next hitter, Tom Egan. Blackaby passed on to the unsuspecting Egan the still dripping wad.

You've got to be ready in baseball, Egan nearly gasped.

Chewing in some form is practiced in conjunction with most sports activities—maybe all of them, aside from, oh, swimming, gymnastics, chess. (In fact, Red Sox Pitcher Jim Willoughby chews tobacco while playing chess. But chess is not his primary game.)

Jockey Steve Cauthen is into oral stuff, though not while riding. College hockey players sometimes spit tobacco on bothersome fans, which may be why the rink is surrounded by a plastic shield. Campy Russell

(continued)



Bobby Murcer, Clob outfielder



Mike Irie, Padre first baseman



Vic Cornell, Braves catcher



Billy Gardner, Expo coach

CHAWS

in basketball and Tony Jacklin in golf chomp gum fiercely while playing.

Snuff is very big in football lately. Best Jones (who goes into press conferences with a little cup to spit into), the Cowboys' team physicians (who are forever spilling their cups on airplanes), Terry Bradshaw, Joe Namath and Fran Tarkenton all do snuff, and in television commercials. Walt Garrison has explained to the public how snuff is done: "You don't light it up. You just take it pinch and put it in between your lip and gum. And it sure feels relaxing in there." What Garrison doesn't tell the viewers is that on his first date with his wife Pam he over-turned on her the contents of the spittoon he keeps in his car.

After New England beat the Steelers early last season, Patriot Guard John Hannah said, "This is like having the best chew of tobacco in the world in your mouth and never wanting to spit it out." Former Cowboys Lee Roy Jordan and Bob Lilly and former Colts Billy Ray Smith are said to have gone out and banged into people in regular-season games not only with fire in their eyes but tobacco in their mouths. And either never swallowed it, or didn't notice. Smith, a defensive tackle, used tobacco

tactically, splattering the ball liberally on obvious passing downs.

Jordan, Lilly and Smith belong in the Chewers Hall of Fame. And yet they would have to be consigned to lower niches than Bridges or Nellie Fox, the old second baseman or several other of the greatest chewers in the history of the most ruminative sport, the most bespeckled sport, the premier chewing sport, baseball.

Only in baseball does the chew bulk so large in oral history. Hear Tom Morgan, former Yankee relief pitcher, who roomed with Bridges when the two were Angel coaches.

"Rocky would pretend to go to sleep with a chew in his mouth. When he thought I was asleep he would spit it out. The next morning he would get up before me, put another chew in and pretend it had been in all night."

"Once he and I had a bet on who could go the longest without chewing tobacco. I won. He didn't make it through three hours and he cheated."

"He used to have a camellia bush just off his porch at home. The first thing he would do after stepping out of the house would be to spit on the bush or throw his cigar on it."

"He didn't know I cleaned that bush. When he told me he hadn't been chewing, I caught him. There was tobacco on the camellia."

"It's a funny thing about that bush. It was dead when he moved into the house. After a year of tobacco it was the most beautiful thing you have ever seen."

But this article is about more than Rocky Bridges.

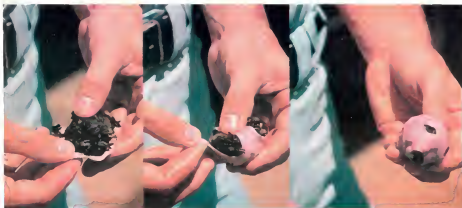
Babe Ruth was a prodigious chewer. His brand was Horse Shoe. "Sometimes he would swallow his plug and tell the trainer, 'A little bit of carbonate of soda, please,'" recalls Angel Coach Jimmie Reese, who occasionally roomed with the Babe in the early '30s.

This article is about more than tobacco.

"Joe Horlen chewed Kleenex," says former Dodger fireballer Rex Barney.

People used to think that Horlen chewed a lot of tobacco, but he never did. He had several Kleenex in his mouth. You wonder whether it would disintegrate in there, but I guess it's the same as tobacco. Instead of swallowing it, you spit it out. Which is a horrible thing to even say."

This article is about all the ins and outs of all the things ballplayers chew.



Def't hands of Darrel Chaney demonstrate art of wrapping pre-masticated bubble gum around chewing tobacco to create a favorite new chew: gumbecco.

and why they chew them, and a little of the history and sociology of it, and chewing contests and rituals, and the agony (for most people) of swallowing.

Chewing has been with us for a long time. Samuel Pepys chewed tobacco, and long before him the Incas, Mayans and Aztecs. Not minor league teams by those names—the Indian tribes. “When the whites settled on this continent,” says Dr Jack Hoyert, superintendent of the Tobacco Experimental Farm at the University of Maryland, “they picked up these habits from the Indians. You couldn’t be busy with a pipe or a cigar when you were busy hammering or driving a mule or oxen. Chewing was the ideal thing for working people.” Whether or not bullplayers are exactly working people, they do use their hands a great deal. And there are questions of propriety. Says tobacco-chewing Giant Pitcher Ed Halicki, “How would it look if I lit up a cigar between pitches? Picture me asking the umpire for a match.”

Big-leaguers have chewed since the game’s earliest days. Tobacco chewers come into the game from farming and coal-mining country. The moistness generated by chewing relieves dusty mouths. Baseball is a hot, dusty game with slow and tense stretches. Outfielder Bobby Murcer, who goes through a can of wintergreen-flavored Skoal snuff a game, says, “I think it’s a tremendous help, a relaxer. It keeps my mouth wet and occupied. Maybe it goes back to nipple days.” George Brett of Kansas City, who favors Bazooka sugarless bubble gum, says, “It gives you something to do between pitches.” Managers like Ralph Houk of the Tigers and Herman Franks of the Cubs chewed when they were players and haven’t stopped.

Many players chew to keep their whistles wet (Montreal Coach Billy Gardner, who chews, is known for his whistling) because when they grew up they were warned that drinking water during games would “bloat you,” and maybe too much will, although progressive trainers now warn that it is bad for thirsty athletes to avoid water during competition. Weight-watching players chew to cut down their calorie intake. Rod Carew used to drink 15 bottles of pop before and during every game, and sometimes would get nau-



Chew of Fame: bulging cheeks accent faces of all-time great chewers Nalbe Fox and Rocky Bridges

seated. Now he chews three packs of tobacco a game, wrapped in gum. He has cut his soft drinks to two or three, and his stomach stays settled. Other players chew to keep from biting their nails, or they use snuff or chewing tobacco as a substitute for smoking. “If I didn’t chew,” says retired Catcher Dave Duncan, “I’d smoke five, six or seven cigarettes a game between innings.”

Chewing tobacco is clearly a drug of sports. “There’s a little something in it,” says Pitcher Gary Nolan. “There’s a little kick in there.”

“It’s like cigarettes,” says White Sox Coach Bobby Knoop. “I just decided to try it. I use Day’s End. It’s a great high in the morning and it’s legal. And it makes a great stain in the sink.”

“When the day is going bad,” says Cub Pitcher Rick Reuschel, “I’ll stick a chew in my mouth and everything seems to get a little brighter.”

Snuff, in fact, affords a real rush—too much of a jolt for many hardened tobacco chewers. “That stuff has got to put a hole in your seabag,” says Rocky Bridges. English dandies used to sniff small pinches of finely ground tobacco to produce little sneezes, but Copenhagen and Skoal, which athletes use, are coarser, darker and more powerful. Holding snuff against the delicate membranes of gum and lip for long periods is the next thing to maintaining nicotine.

Which is not to say that tobacco-product chewing is in all respects harmful to your health. Catcher Bob Stinson of the Mariners says, “Tobacco gives your teeth

protection on plays at home plate. Once in Albuquerque I had a collision in center field and broke one side of my jaw. I think the tobacco cushioned the other side.”

Chewing is also a good thing around which to organize the japeries and incidental competitions to which bullplayers devote a great deal of time. And it gives them something to chew that they probably like to chew more than anything else, the fat.

Former American League Pitcher Dick Bosman recalls good chewing times when he was with the old Senators. “We had two kinds of contests, flies and peanut shells. I held the club record for flies. Shot down 10 of them one day. On rainy days we would sit on the bench and shoot at peanut shells running down the gutter in the dugout.”

Gum contests are more highly organized. The Toppo company, manufacturer of Bazooka gum, held a bubble-blowing tournament in 1975 with the finals on television. Pitcher Mackey Scott had won the American League West title by shaving, putting Vaseline on his face to reduce abrasion, wrapping a towel around his neck, putting his cap on backward to protect his permanent while keeping the bill out of play, holding a windbreaker up against the elements and producing a gonfalon bubble whose diameter, measured by official cardboard calipers, was 20 inches.

The bubble-blowing champion of all baseball that year was infielder Kurt Bevacqua, now in the minors, who swears

continued

The 14^k Gold Camera.



Win it and a trip for two to Tokyo.

We're celebrating

This is the year that Yashica produces its 5 millionth Electro 35 Rangefinder Camera.

And in honor of this historic achievement, Yashica is offering you the opportunity to win the 5 millionth camera. It's 14k Gold*, one of a kind and comes with an all-expense paid two-week trip for two to Tokyo.

All you have to do is fill out the coupon below and drop it off at your Yashica dealer. No purchase is necessary. Contest closes July 31, 1977. Void where prohibited.

YASHICA

*All exterior metal parts are 14k gold-plated.

14k. Gold Camera Entry Form Complete and give to your Yashica dealer.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Yashica Dealer

Need more information first?

Just send in this coupon and we'll send you more information on Yashica rangefinder cameras and the name of the dealer nearest you. Yashica Inc., 411 Sette Drive, Paramus, N.J. 07652

HOW TO FEEL LIKE A MILLION.



Nothing gives a man more of a touch of class than taking a cigar out of a tube. And there's no better tubed cigar for the money than Royale by Gold Label. A stylish cigar with a rich Cameroon wrapper. And all the mildness and freshness sealed in by the tube. So take out a Royale and take on the look of a millionaire.



ROYALE in a tube
by Gold Label

CHAWS continued

he keeps his gum in a little metal safe, "like you buy at the five-and-ten," with an air freshener inside. "It keeps just right," he says.

Gum can also enter less innocently into baseball's give-and-take. Andy Semick, the old catcher, used to stick a wad of gum onto his thumb, shake hands with someone and rub it forcibly into the hairs on the back of the hand, from which it could be removed only with some pain. Pepper Martin used to do the same thing. It is tobacco, however, that is most often used aggressively, especially against white shoes.

"Rocky is very good on accuracy," says Tom Morgan of Bridges. "He's one of the best on shoes. He has what we call a soft wad. You don't feel it when he spins on your shoes."

"Aw, no," says Rocky modestly. "Some guys can drown a dime. I'm just sloppy big. I'm not an accuracy star. And I've got the shirts to prove it. T-shirtle throwin'. Thank God for the new polyesters."

Johnny Mize used to put chaws he was finished with into other people's pockets. Then he would let them dig them out as best they could.

"Peanuts Lowrey was always a great chewer," says former Catcher Clay Dalrymple. "When I was with the Phillies, we were giving hotfoots one night, and I think he kind of set me up. He had his foot up on one of the dugout steps and he was kind of leaning forward with his elbow on one knee. I snuck up behind him to give him a hotfoot. As I reached in between his legs to light him, he had a big load of tobacco ready for me, and he really caught me on the hand. Man, he laughed like hell."

"It's an unwritten law," says Pitcher Steve Renko, "that you are permitted to spit on the shoes but not on the uniform. More often you pick out a target such as arms and spiders."

"What happens when insects are hit?" "It makes their eyes bright," says the Reds' Wendie Fryman.

Eccentric Catcher Vic Correll's eyes are always bright, especially when he is making up baseball wisdom. He maintains that a switch hitter must be a switch chewer. "Say you're going up to bat left-handed. You've got to chew on the right side so the pitcher can see it and think you're tough. And then when you're bat-

ting right-handed, you've got to chew on the left. All that switching is hard on the front teeth."

Third Baseman Doug Rader is known as a "defensive chewer." He takes his tobacco out of his mouth after each inning in the field, puts the chew in his glove and his glove on the bench. When he retakes the field he retakes his chew.

Catchers Carlton Fisk, Gene Tenace and Ed Herrmann tip their masks back to spit. Johnny Bench and Milt May spit through the bars. So did Roy Campinella. "Nobody else would ever wear his mask," recalls Res Barney, a devout non-chewer who confesses that seeing "my catcher spitting out at me always bothered me."

"Roy was a great chewer of tobacco," remembers Barney, "but at home or on the road he kept toothpaste in his locker at all times. The second a game was over, about the only thing that came off was the glove and the mask before he'd go spit the tobacco out and brush his teeth. Roy only chewed during games."

Catfish Hunter is a serious tobacco chewer; in fact, he got into trouble with the Yankees last year for filming a Red Man commercial at the park the morning of the day he pitched. But on the mound he often chews gum, starting with one stick and adding another each inning. A complete game, then, means a nine-stick wad. Juan Marichal would go through a dozen sticks a game. He was once clocked at 72 chews per minute on the mound. "Maybe it helped my rhythm," he says.

Chewers all agree that chewing helps something. Randy Jones of San Diego has been savoring tobacco off the mound for eight years but didn't begin to chew while pitching until 1975. That was the year he became a star, winning 20 games. "I don't know why," he says, "but it seemed to help."

"I'd feel naked if I went to the mound without my chew," says Minnesota's Don Carruthers. "And I have to have a pack in my back pocket. I just like the feel of it back there."

"The dentist tells me that even though it stains your teeth, chewing has hygienic value," says Astro Shortstop Roger Metzger. "Your mouth contains certain acids and tobacco counteracts them."

Says Houston Pitcher Ken Forsch, "I have a routine I go through every day. I

continued



The Nite Jogger—another first from adidas

Nite Jogger—the shoe to be seen in.

The Nite Jogger is the first road runner ever conceived for the after dark jogger. Its phosphorescent heel stripes glow brightly in the dark, making for safer jogging

in busy traffic areas. But there is more to this unique new shoe than glow. Designed primarily for road surfaces, these additional features make the Nite Jogger the shoe it is:

Thicker and softer midsole absorbs the considerable heel pounding experienced on road surfaces, and provides a perfectly cushioned roll action of the foot. Uppers made of Cangoran—a man-made leather-like material

that breathes and forms to the foot. New Ghillie lacing makes for easier lacing & unlacing. Traction sole profile is swept up on heel and toe to provide full protection against excessive abrasion and wear caused by road surfaces.



The all-sports people

For more information contact your local dealer

adidas 

Opel makes news.



The results of the Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown are in!
Opel finishes...uh...2nd.



A lot of car makers compare their car to other cars.

We compare our car with other cars in a daring, lender-to-lender competition called The Buck Opel 5-Car Showdown. In it, we pitted our Opel against four better known competitors in point-by-point side-by-side independently supervised tests of acceleration, cornering, braking, parking-lot maneuverability, pulling power, gradability and a few other areas. In short, some of the things you'd like to know when you go out to shop for a car.

It was a bold move. After all, what if we didn't win?

Well, to make a long story short—we didn't. When all the tests were completed and all the figures tallied up, Opel finished second, right behind VW Rabbit. You can imagine how thrilled we were. But look at it this way: in order to finish second overall, we had to beat Toyota Corolla, Datsun B-210, and Subaru DL in a number of instances. (And in some areas, we beat VW too. As you'll see.)

Which is a victory. And not just a moral one.

You see, we know Opel is a little dynamo of a car. But apparently no one else did. Because it seemed that whenever anyone went out looking for a practical little import, they looked real hard at the other cars in the Showdown. But hardly ever at ours.

So we wanted to show that Opel could hold its own against its famous

competitors. That it should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop.

In other words, we were confident Opel was good enough to take on this competition.

**Opel announces
4-doors.**

Then we went one step further. And made Opel good enough to take on your family. By offering you our new just-introduced-in-this-country Opel 4-door Sedan.

After all, if you've got a family (or maybe some friends you like taking along on spirited spins around the countryside) you need to carefully examine a car's ins and outs. So we gave you two more:

Easy come Easy go

[illegible]

Opel makes sense.

You can learn a lot from a test drive.

Or even a test-sit.

That will let you experience our body-contoured vinyl seats. Seats tailored for comfort and good lateral support. With seatbacks that adjust



It'll show you—in one quick glance—how easy it is to read Opel's well-thought-out instrument panel, and reach Opel's well-placed controls.

And it will reveal (most abundantly) Opel's thick, standard pile carpeting (one more way this small car lives up to its Buick name). Perhaps even startle you with an amazing sight in small cars these days: a real glove compartment that locks.

What you will most certainly notice first, though—if you happen to be sitting in the driver's seat of an Opel Deluxe Coupe—is that you're not just looking at a bunch of warning lights. But gauges. A tachometer right next to the speedometer. An oil-pressure gauge. An ammeter. An electric clock with a second hand. All standard. To let the enthusiast in you keep a close eye on the kind of response you're getting from that gutsy 1.8 liter dynamo under the hood.

But to really feel how Opel goes on the road, you should really feel it. On the road.

And...oh...what a feeling.

Opel performs.

Indeed it does. As the 5-Door breaks down will testify. First of all, in tests of cornering flatness and steering quickness, none of the competitors out-ran Opel. And in tests of acceleration and gradability, only the VW Rabbit (a car much-ballyhooped for its fuel-injected engine) was able to nose out our Opel for top honors.

Opel's strong showing in these areas isn't surprising when you consider its own accoutrements. Like the dynamic overhead-cam, 4-cylinder hemi engine. Four-coil-spring-suspension. Front stabilizer bar. Rear track bar. Floor-mounted, full-synchronized short-throw 4-speed manual transmission (with 5-speed and automatic available). Rack-and-pinion steering. And lots more.

Nevertheless, it still may surprise you. But then, up to this point, maybe you haven't considered Opel. Maybe you should.

More than just mileage: range.

When you do consider Opel, you'll find it quite considerate of you. With EPA mileage estimates of 36 mpg on the highway and 23 mpg in the city. (The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. Estimates lower in California.) But don't stop there.



You won't have to. Because with Opel's 13.7-gallon gas tank (largest of any of the cars in the Showdown, by the way), it's estimated range is about 350 miles.

By the way, this range estimate is a function of both gas tank capacity and miles per gallon, and is based on multiplying the EPA combined estimate, which is 27 mpg, by gas tank capacity. Actual range may vary.

The best news of all.

If by now our intrepid little Opel is beginning to sound like an intriguing proposition, let us suggest you hurry to your Buick Opel dealer for further consultation.

Not only will he give you a brochure with complete details on the 5-Door Showdown, he'll be happy to provide you with one of those revealing test-drives we mentioned.

And, of course, he'll show you how very affordable Opel is to buy.

Come on, now. Any car with this much going for it is at least worth considering, isn't it?



BUICK OPEL

CHAWS continued

had to start the routine because when I was switched from starting to relief I was going crazy sitting in the bullpen. I chew Red Man until about the fifth inning. Then I go into my program.

"I spit out the tobacco and I take a towel and wipe my teeth off. Sometimes once, sometimes twice. It's important to get the inside of my teeth completely clean, too.

"Then I go right to the gum. I take the wrapper off the gum and I save the piece of tinfoil. I wrap the tinfoil carefully into a ball so that the shiny part is on the inside and the glazed part on the outside. I take my time so this will use up about an inning. It keeps my mind off the bullpen.

"I flip the foil away with my thumb once I've got it rolled the way I want it. I use that green stick gum because I like the foil. Sometimes I go to the bubble gum if nothing else is available. But the bubble gum doesn't have any tinfoil—and that's when I have my bad days on the mound. I chew the gum on the mound. But when I'm in a jam I walk toward second base and spit it out—that gives me the sudden burst of energy I need."

"When I can't yell at the umpire and can't answer back at the fans," says Bench, "I just spit."

Pitching Coach Johnny Sain also speaks of tobacco in terms of speech: "I chew because it keeps me from talking, and I can tend to business." When Sain was pitching for the old Boston Braves he was said to have replied to writers' questions in a language of squirts. Straight down meant "Yes." Spits traveling outward meant "No." In conversations demanding a more refined control of the medium, Sain might be misunderstood. He receives considerable support as the game's sloppiest chewer. "The thing about Sain," says Ed Herrmann, "is that the juice runs down both sides of his mouth. He gets it all over his uniform."

That puts Sain up among the most distinguished chewers, of course. (The neatest chewers, says Herrmann, are "all beginners.") But who is the greatest of all? This is not an easy question to answer. Criteria vary. Sparky Lyle may be the biggest chewer ever, having been known to expand his cheek with a full pack, so that on the left side he looks

like Dizzy Gillespie hitting a high note. Steve Renko says the biggest chewer he ever saw was little-known Bobby Hendley, a teammate of his in the minors. "He could fill up an entire trash can with spit. It was amazing."

There are standards of offensiveness, an important consideration, because one of chewing's charms, to the chewer, is taking casual pleasure in something that causes other people, even from a distance, to blanch and grow dizzy. "You might say the alltime tobacco chewer, a guy who had some tricks that will go down in history, was John Boozar of the Phillies," says Dick Hall. "He had a number of little things he did, like eating moths, which he taught me. It's very simple. It really impresses people. He would bite grasshoppers in half. The back half would hop out by itself. Boozar also had a couple of neat tricks with tobacco. He'd spit the tobacco straight up in the air and catch it in his mouth. And mess most of it, of course."

Clay Dalrymple remembers Boozar. "You have to have a strong stomach for this story," he says. "Boozar used to go

into the clubhouse and spit on the ceiling. When it dropped back down he would catch it in his mouth. He was a breed all of his own. He would try to turn guys' stomachs. He had no scruples. He was a beaut, and a real nice guy."

Names that keep cropping up in any discussion of great chewers are Rocky Bridges and Nellie Fox. The most colorful stories are by or about Bridges, but Fox, who died in 1975, is generally acknowledged as the king. He was a classic tobacco chewer, carrying in his cheek a chew half as big as his hat. "All class," says former Yankee Pitcher Steve Hamilton, himself a towering figure in chewing. "Great staying power. Could chew all day. Tremendous accuracy and finesse in his spitting."

Tobacco chewing has considerable symbolic value. During his first spring training last year, Mark Fidrych spit tobacco juice all over the front of his uniform on purpose and explained, "I want the guys to know I chew." Joe Nuxhall, the old Cincinnati pitcher, says, "In my day, and I'm talking about 1952 to 1960, to be a big-leaguer you had to chew."

CHEWING ALL-STAR TEAMS

(Chew is tobacco, except as indicated)

ALLTIME		ACTIVE	
P	Johnny Sain	P	Catfish Hunter, New York
P	Clyde Wright	P	Mark Fidrych, Detroit
P	Juan Marichal (gum)	P	Ken Forsch, Houston
P	Sam Jones (toothpick)	P	Lus Tiant, Boston
Relief P	Steve Hamilton	Relief P	Sparky Lyle, New York
C	Roy Campanella	C	Johnny Bench, Cincinnati
C	Clint Courtney	C	Carlton Fisk, Boston (snuff)
1B	Johnny Mize	1B	Mike Ivey, San Diego
2B	Nellie Fox	2B	Rod Carew, Minnesota
3B	Harvey Kuenn	3B	Doug Rader, Toronto
SS	Rocky Bridges	SS	Roger Metzger, Houston
OF	Babe Ruth	OF	Reggie Jackson, New York (seeds)
DF	Country Slaughter	OF	Bobby Murcer, Chicago (snuff)
DF	Hank Sauer	DF	Gary Matthews, Atlanta
Mgr	Danny Murtaugh	Mgr	Ralph Houk, Detroit
DH	Rocky Nelson	DH	Gene Tenace, San Diego

Grounds of selection (in order of importance): 1) prominence in lore; 2) originality; 3) degree of obsession; 4) size of chew; 5) playing ability.

Special recognition for offensiveness: John Boozar, pitcher Philadelphia Phillies (retired).

"When I first broke into the Dodger system," recalls Rex Barney, "I was with Montreal, just a kid, 18 years old, and we had a coach, an old guy named Barney De Forge, or something like that. This was during the war, and babies like myself were playing. I was sitting in the bullpen one night and De Forge said to me, 'Kid, you want to get to the major leagues?'"

"I said, 'Sure, that's what it's all about.'"

"He says, 'You don't chew tobacco, do you?'"

"I said, 'No.'"

"He said, 'Well, you'll never get there unless you chew tobacco.'"

"In those days, if you had 25 players, 24 chewed tobacco. Very naive, I said, 'O.K.' I tried it. The only thing I remember is chomping down a couple of times and getting deathly ill. I was supposed to start the next night and I was still so sick I couldn't even leave the hotel. I said to myself, 'If that's what it takes to make the major leagues, I'll never make it.'"

These days the chewing situation is laxer, more pluralistic. Snuff dipping has always been around—Ruth did that too—but lately it has achieved a perhaps faddish popularity, helped along by Murcer, and Carlton Fisk, who, like Garrison, promotes snuff in TV commercials.

"You know what's good?" asks San Francisco pitcher Dave Heverlo. "Copenhagen dipped in Scotch. A real neat flavor."

A snuff-in-Scotch dipper cannot be accused of effeteism; still, "a real neat flavor" can hardly be what a man like Nellie Fox had in mind.

Another relatively new baseball chew is sunflower seeds. Reggie Jackson keeps them in his pocket and chews them constantly at the park. "I started in college," he says. "The guys at Arizona State chewed them. They're good for nervousness and it's an easy way of getting salt."

"Seeds came onto the scene about 1969, 1970," says Dalrymple. "Oakland started using seeds, and all of a sudden they started showing up all over the place." Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver is a big seed man, as is Boog Powell. Former White Sox Outfielder Buddy Bradford tells how seeds are chewed:

"What you do is store 'em in the side of your mouth, then pull one seed out with your tongue, chew it, spit the

shell out, then take another one, and so on. It's hard to eat them when you're trying to hit. The only time you can eat 'em is when you're in the dugout or the outfield."

The trouble with seeds is that the shells tend to wind up concave side down on clubhouse floors and stick there with a suction so broom-resistant that some clubhouse men refuse to dispense them.

Seeds bother traditionalists, on principle. "We had an onslaught of those things the last few years," says Bridges. "Most of the dugouts looked like bird cages. I had a couple of players that I had to watch pretty carefully—I was afraid they were going to start moulting."

There are miscellaneous chewers. Champ Summers of the Reds chews licorice, as did Hank Greenberg. "Hank used to spit the licorice in his glove to firm it up," says Montreal President John McHale, who played with Greenberg on the Tigers. "Once he gave me some. I got so sick I can't imagine ever trying to-bacco." (The only front-office figure associated with chewing tobacco is Atlanta owner Ted Turner.)

John Bateman used to mix tobacco and licorice sticks when he caught for Houston. The late Danny Frisella occasionally chewed tar. Bridges used to change pice by chewing cigars. "I had my trips measured by cigars," he says. "From Cincinnati to Long Beach was 40 cigars." And, of course, there was Toothpick Sam Jones, who was always working on a toothpick when he pitched. "Chewing or keeping the mouth busy is normal," he once explained. "A toothpick does not stain your teeth, does not pull out fillings or cause cavities. It's a substitute for overeating. And you can still get a supply free in restaurants. It may not be approved at society events, but I say it's healthy."

But the major alternative to tobacco is gum. Topps furnishes 250,000 boxes of Bazooka free to big league clubhouses annually. Some observers, including the possibly biased Bridges, see tobacco in resurgence, but gum is now the leading chew. For one thing, black and Latin players, who almost all eschew tobacco, prefer gum. Among the exceptions are Cesar Geronimo, Dan Driessen, Pedro Borbon, Rod Carew, Luis Tiant, Ben Oglivie and Gary Matthews, whose spitting last year was praised by authority

Murcer: "The kid's got length and strength."

Billy Williams was a chewer for a while in the minors but, "I gave it up when I was an AA ball. It was all part of the tough, dirty image of those days—chewing, spitting, baggy uniforms. It's strong stuff. It stays on your breath. I found decay in my teeth, that's why I quit. I don't know why black guys don't chew. Maybe Dock Ellis does. He'll try anything."

Dick Allen has been doing a little pregame Red Man lately as an aid to quitting cigarettes, but he says, "I can't really handle it. I wouldn't want my name associated with it, actually, because of the kids." When Ed Herrmann was with the White Sox, he succeeded in converting one black player, Carlos May. "We had to start him out with one leaf," says Herrmann, who adds, "I've seen some umpires chew, but I've never run into a girl chewer."

Joe Morgan feels not at all self-conscious about being a Juicy Fruit chewer, and Dave Nelson of the Royals says fastidiously, "I chew nothing but gum. I remember watching Rocky Bridges play at old Wrigley Field in L.A. He had juice all over his shirt. It made me sort of sick. Most of the Texas Rangers chew tobacco. They sit in the dugout and see who can make the biggest puddle. It's sickening."

Although 35% of major-leaguers chew some form of tobacco, it no longer seems to disturb front offices. "Mickey Mantle liked a good chew," recalls Steve Hamilton, "but the Yankees frowned on it. Said it spoiled his image. So Mickey would sneak out and grab a wad on the sly." When AstroTurf was new, Houston owner Roy Hofheinz called down from his box to order Nellie Fox to stop spitting in the coaching box. But no one complains about tobacco on artificial turf now. Only bubble gum provokes restrictive measures. Houston Manager Bill Virdon has a rule that no player can blow bubbles during the national anthem. His predecessor, Harry Walker, ordered all bubble gum removed from the clubhouse—players were throwing it at each other and Walker feared someone would get hit in the eye.

"Players today are more sophisticated," notes Milwaukee Coach Harvey Kuenn, with some sarcasm.

If oldtimers are put off by bubble gum,

continued

CHAWS continued

another trend in chewing has something to offend nearly everybody: the mixing of tobacco and gum. An early experimenter was the former National Leaguer Frank Torre, who, according to Dalrymple, "would take a stick of gum and a big piece of chewing tobacco and tighten it up into a wad. Then he'd take chewing gum and wrap it all the way around until there was no tobacco showing. Then he'd stick that into his cheek and it would make him look like he had a big chew of tobacco in there, but in reality most of it was sugar."

Also at work in this field at about the same time was former Yankee Coach Frank Crosetti. "He started mixing gum with tobacco because it lasted longer," says Sy Berger, a Topps vice-president. "After that we mixed a batch of bubble gum with a tobacco flavor."

Only for him, though. The gum-bacco chew did not come into its own until three or four years ago. Milwaukee Manager Alex Grammas, then a Cincinnati coach, introduced the technique to Johnny Bench and it spread from there.

"I marinate mine in a soft drink," says Merv Rettenmund. "My best is the 66 special—the deluxe gumball. I take two large sugarless sticks of gum and one flavored. I chew them until the gum is moist and soft. Then I take it out of my mouth, sit down on the bench, spread it on my knee into a big square and put a clump of tobacco in the middle of it. I wrap the gum around the tobacco and pop it back in."

Darrel Chaney of the Braves says he wraps gum on "two or three sides or all the way around" his tobacco. "Gives it body," he says. "But you have to use dental floss like crazy after a game."

"I chew four sticks of gum for half an hour, then wrap it around the tobacco," says Cincinnati Manager Sparky Anderson. "Albert, my son, tells me I'm a sissy for using the gum with it. Albert is 14 and he chews. He chews at home, too. He's got a spittoon in his room."

Pitcher Clyde Wright, now retired, whose eight-pack-a-day tobacco consumption may have been an all-time high, is said to have been able to chew tobacco and bubble gum, smoke a cigarette and drink V.O. all at once. A mixing act like that is hard to follow.

"I used to wrap gum around my chew, like twine on a ball," says Tiger Catcher

John Wockenfuss. "But it was too much trouble." Now Wockenfuss is one of the few big-leaguers who bites off chunks of plug tobacco—Cannonball is his favorite brand—instead of taking it loose from a pouch.

Steve Hamilton, although he once threw up on the mound while chewing tobacco during a televised Sunday game, and although he once swallowed a straight chaw while working on a roof and fell off the roof, would applaud Wockenfuss' return to basics. When Hamilton first heard of mixing gum and tobacco, he nearly choked. "Why that's like putting foxtails on a Mercedes," he said. "No purist would think of such a thing."

Rocky Bridges' judgment on mixing is less harsh, but he does say, "That one's got me. I've never tried it, but if a guy wants freckles when he blows a bubble he's probably in good shape then."

When nearly any chewer is definitely not in good shape is when he inadvertently swallows. Some can handle the juice alone. "Rocky Nelson would put a chew in on a plane and you'd watch him and he never spit," says Sparky Anderson, Herrmann says. "Swallowing doesn't bother me anymore. It's like hot sauce. When I was in the minors we had a bus driver who would chew for the whole six-hour trip and spit into a cup. At the end of the trip he would drink the juice."

Murcer claims, "I've gone out for a fly ball on a long chase and swallowed the whole pinch. But I haven't gotten sick." Carew, who has occasionally swallowed his tobacco-gumball while sliding or making a diving stop, says it only makes him "woozy."

But most chewers dread the fiery gulp. Harvey Kuenn tells of a player being unable to get a meal down for a week after swallowing a chaw. Pee Wee Reese never chewed again after his went down as he reared back to throw. When he catches sinkerball pitchers, who produce a lot of foul tips, Milt May forgoes the pleasures of chewing. He is willing to accept a tip into his Adam's apple as part of the job, but swallowing a chaw in the bargain is too much.

"You've never lived till you've swallowed a chaw," says Bridges. "It brings up everything bad you've ever thought of. I've downed them a couple of times. Once on a head-first slide, and I damn

near died. It sure cleared the dust in a hurry. I'll tell you that."

Chewing, then, is not, so to speak, all gravy. Even in the clubhouse a sometimes leads to social embarrassment. One year Bo Belinsky brought his dog to the Houston training camp. The clubhouse man built a sandbox for the dog next to the one he had installed for Barry Latham, the pitcher, to discourage Latham from spitting on the clubhouse rug.

"How am I going to explain to my wife that I have the locker next to a dog?" said Latham.

Outside the stadium, chewing becomes awkward. Rocky Nelson, it is true, felt secure enough socially to show up in one of Pittsburgh's best restaurants dressed in a handsome sport coat and string tie, with his wife in a full-length mink coat, and after a fine leisurely dinner to pull out his tobacco pack for dessert, and to spit into a water glass. Nelson was also at home in a movie theater, where he would never order butter on his popcorn because he would throw out the top half of the corn so he could spit in the cup. And Johnny Bench, to be sure, shared a pouch with his father-in-law-to-be and Ed Podolski of the Kansas City Chiefs during a break in his wedding rehearsal. But most players leave the chewing at the park.

"My wife doesn't appreciate me spitting in the house," says the Twins' Don Carniers. "We have a little baby, you know."

"Only trouble I ever had with chewing tobacco," says Atlanta Manager Dave Bristol, "was that the orthodontist said my daughter was going to have to give it up because of her braces."

"I chew at home and spit in a cup while my wife is out," says Rettenmund. "But I don't like to do it around the family. It's not a habit you can do out in public. But it's a nice habit at the ball park."

Maybe this is a good place to end. Rettenmund has said something, after all, that can be said about so many habits ballplayers can practice at work but which most of the rest of us cannot: wielding a club with ferocity, screaming at authority figures in blue suits, pouring champagne on top of executives' heads, hurling taunts at friend and foe, sliding in the dirt with good clothes on, making rolling, tumbling shoestring circus catches—and spitting across the room. **END**

INDONESIA / VIETNAM / PERU
/ ECUADOR / GUINEA / SRI LA
NKA / TUNISIA / JAMAICA / BR
AZIL / ETHIOPIA / VENEZUELA
/ EGYPT / POLAND / NICARAG
UA / COLOMBIA / BARBADOS
/ TRINIDAD & TOBAGO / NI
GERIA / ANTIGUA / GUYANA /
ST. VINCENT / GRENADA / KO
REA / UNITED STATES / GUAT
EMALA / **HOPE WAS HERE.**

Give to:



Department R, Washington, D.C. 20007

Improving Health Through Education



Eaton Update:

1 Payoff at the truck stop

Responding to the urgent need for better fuel economy, the diesel engine manufacturers have developed high torque engines that produce performance and economy when geared to run at low rpm.

And we have developed a new series of Eaton* axles and Fuller* transmissions designed to team with and take full advantage of these engines.

How much payoff? Fleets are reporting fuel savings up to 10% in many cases.

2 Cutting the cost of moving things around

Eaton's response to the growing need for improved efficiency in materials handling has been the introduction of 23 new Yale* lift truck models in the last two years.

This has made our line of industrial trucks the most up-to-date, as well as the broadest in the industry.

For more than 50 years Eaton has been the leader in what is now the fastest growing segment of the market—electric lift trucks. We stay ahead by anticipating the changing needs of various industries, where materials handling can account for as much as 40% of manufacturing or processing costs.

3 The differential of the future, on and off the road

Eaton's locking differential is a significant advance in drive-train engineering. When a drive wheel starts to slip, it locks up smoothly and completely to provide substantially more traction than a limited slip unit. Employing gears rather than clutch plates, it eliminates a wear problem and operates quietly with no take-up clunk. And it can only lock up under 20 mph, above that speed it runs like

an open differential for safe high way driving.

An Eaton exclusive, the locking differential is already available on light trucks—and has an exciting future in passenger cars, too.

Eaton's close relationship with the automotive industry goes back more than 65 years—and today the average American car contains over 200 Eaton-manufactured parts. Through our in-depth engineering staff, we anticipate and respond to the changing needs of the automobile and truck markets. Eaton Corporation, 100 Eneview Plaza, Cleveland, Ohio 44114.

EAT•N

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week of June 20-26

BOATING—Adrian Brown owner Ted Turner captured COURAGEOUS to a 7-1 record in the America's Cup Preliminary Trials of Newport. Enterprise won 4-6 and Independence 2-6 (page 18).

BOKING—Pablo Pico's ESTEBAN DE JESUS retained his WIC lightweight title by knocking out Vicente Alvarado of Mexico on the 11th round in San Juan.

GOLF—Maui champion TOM WATSON shot a four-under 69 to win the Western Open at Oak Brook, Ill. by one stroke over Wally Arncliffe and Jeffery Mah. Watson finished at five-under-par 283 over the demanding 7,013-yard Bunker Nunnau Course and the \$40,000 first prize boosted his year-to-date 1977 earnings to \$359,115.

DEBBIE AUSTIN won her second tournament as the LPGA tour with a two-stroke victory over Judy Blanton and Jan Stephenson in the Hootor Classic in Plymouth, Ind. Austin shot 70-75-67-397, five under par for the \$7,500 low-plot check.

HARNESS RACING—WARM BREEZE (52:40) driven by Dick Farrington, broke the world record racing record for the mile by a full second with a 1:57.11 clocking at Golden Bell Raceway at Sacramento. The 4-year-old son of first American bred 1½ lengths ahead of the second-place horse, It's Only Money, as he captured Jack Pierce's 1976 mark.

HORSE RACING—THE HINSDEL, Litter Piggott up, won the Irish Sweep at the Cragg racetrack outside Dublin. The 11-to-10 favorite covered the 1½ miles in 2:31.90 to beat Lucky Sevens by 1½ lengths and earn \$123,755. It was Piggott's 15th straight victory.

GLENDAVIS (51:20), under Bill Steiner, won the \$114,000 Hollywood Derby by one length over One Star at Hollywood Park. The Annapolis, Md. colt was timed in 1:40.00 over what track for the 15th time.

SOUND REASON (53:06), ridden by Robin Platt, finished half a length ahead of second Norberto in the 17th running of the Queen's Plate in Toronto.

HYDROPLANING—BILL MUNCY, 46, drove his Atlin Van Leeves hull to his third straight world-record hydroplane victory this season in the Gen' World Trophy race on the Detroit River before a crowd of 400,000. Muncy averaged 111.88 mph in the 45-mile race.

HOTOR SPORTS—SOMSENEV Aveniged 153.91 mph in a McLaren-Goworth to win the Schaefer 500 at Po-

con Raceway by a 1.5 seconds over Jeanette Marie Andre (page 53).

SHOOTING—Captain LARRY BASHAM, the Olympic gold medal winner, successfully defended his individual title in the three position world bowl competition at the international championships in Phoenix. Basham of San Antonio scored 3,482 of a possible 3,600 points in his Best Pittz Roundoff by 12 points.

SOCCER—It was quite a week in Chicago. On Monday Head Coach Bill Frohman resigned for "personal reasons." He was replaced by Assistant Coach Wilma Roy the NASL's Rookie of the Year in 1967, who promptly registered his first victory as the Sox against by Washington 1-0 on a Ron Moore tally with 1:19 left on overtime. But Moore was just warming up. He scored all four of Chicago's goals in a 3-2 win over Vancouver on Friday. Moore, a 24-year-old striker from England, won the Cosmo "George Charming and Los Angeles" Steve Dried as the only NASL player to score five goals in a game. The race against moved Chicago to third place in the Northern Division. In the East, Fort Lauderdale's Colin Fowler and George Mansfield found the net within 15 of each other to set an NASL record as a 3-0 victory over Dallas. After winning five straight, the Cosmos lost to St. Louis for the second time this season but then rebounded with a 3-2 victory on Sunday against Los Angeles. Pair treated the 37,501 Meadowlands fans to his third hat trick of the season. The Atlanta returned a two-point lead over Dallas, which beat Minnesota 4-1 as Kyle Rota Jr. picked up his sixth goal of the season. The Kick beat out the Sox 1-0, finishing both goals in a 2-1 defeat of Washington that gave Macedonia a 13-point lead in the West.

TRACK & FIELD—HOUSTON McTEAR won in a 10:11 clocking in the 100-meter dash at an international meet in Cologne, West Germany, beating Champion Don Quayle and Johnny Jones. Kenya's MILK BORT held off a last challenge by 23-year-old Mark Everett to win the 800 in 1:44.4. Everett was timed in 1:44.8 a personal record.

The United States men's team dominated a triennial meet in Turin, Italy, beating Britain 135-88 and Italy 121-84. Among the victorious Americans were LARRY JESSE, in the pole vault (7' 8 1/2"), BOB LYLES in the triple jump (54' 10") and ROBERT GAIVINS in the 100-meter hurdles (1:18).

The USSR's TATYANA STOROSHEVA broke the world record in the women's 400-meter hurdle with a time of 31.74 in Berlin. The old record of 36.51 was

held by Poland's Krystyna Kasperczak, who finished second to Storosheva.

VOLLEYBALL—With Chamberlain made his season debut and helped the Olympic Games Stars win by 3-0 over 10-12, 12-4, 12-4, 5-12, 6-11. The Big Dipper captured 17 kills and 10 stuff blocks. In the West, The Stars 3-1 over one half game in front of Santa Barbara 12-20, which beat Wix & Co. 7-12, 13-10, 12-10, 12-4 before 3,845 fans at L.C. Santa Barbara's Robinson Gym. Third place San Diego signed Rudy, The Tournament Third Division placeholder of last year's championship. Straker team in an attempt to better a 2-1 record Eastern Division co-leader Denver (4-3) took to the road and dropped three of four.

MILWAUKEE—ELECTED JOHN ZIEGLER, Jr., 43, as president of the National Hockey League. Ziegler is player Clarence Campbell, who had held the position for 32 years. Ziegler will be the NHL's fourth president and the first American to hold the post.

FRED FRANK LUCCHESI, 49, as manager of the Texas Rangers. Lucchesi guided the Rangers to a third place finish in the fourth and in 142-149 record in his 7½ years at the helm. He was replaced by 59-year-old EDDIE STANKY, who directed Texas to a 109-61 victory over Minnesota and then abruptly quit because he was "homesick" for his family in Mobile, Ala. Third base Coach CONNIE RYAN, 57, was named interim manager of the Rangers.

DIED 3 WALTER KENNEDY, 64, congressman of the National Rifleboard Association from 1963 to 1975 of cancer, in Stanford, Conn., of which he was for many years. Kennedy led the league through several expansion and negotiation and inactive TV contracts.

DIED FRED CORCORAN, 72, long-time golf executive and promoter, of a stroke in White Plains, N.Y. Corcoran was PGA tournament director from 1936 to 1943 and promotions director of the PGA from 1932 to 1935. He helped organize the LPGA and retained the World Golf Cup in 1954. Corcoran was inducted into the World Golf Hall of Fame last year.

CREDITS

By—Drawing by GUY WILSON; 16—Benton Spawman; Main by GUY WILSON; 20-21—Art by the Maltby; 22—John Dreyer; 23—John Dreyer; 24—John Dreyer; 25—John Dreyer; 26—John Dreyer; 27—John Dreyer; 28—John Dreyer; 29—John Dreyer; 30—John Dreyer; 31—John Dreyer; 32—John Dreyer; 33—John Dreyer; 34—John Dreyer; 35—John Dreyer; 36—John Dreyer; 37—John Dreyer; 38—John Dreyer; 39—John Dreyer; 40—John Dreyer; 41—John Dreyer; 42—John Dreyer; 43—John Dreyer; 44—John Dreyer; 45—John Dreyer; 46—John Dreyer; 47—John Dreyer; 48—John Dreyer; 49—John Dreyer; 50—John Dreyer; 51—John Dreyer; 52—John Dreyer; 53—John Dreyer; 54—John Dreyer; 55—John Dreyer; 56—John Dreyer; 57—John Dreyer; 58—John Dreyer; 59—John Dreyer; 60—John Dreyer; 61—John Dreyer; 62—John Dreyer; 63—John Dreyer; 64—John Dreyer; 65—John Dreyer; 66—John Dreyer; 67—John Dreyer; 68—John Dreyer; 69—John Dreyer; 70—John Dreyer; 71—John Dreyer; 72—John Dreyer; 73—John Dreyer; 74—John Dreyer; 75—John Dreyer; 76—John Dreyer; 77—John Dreyer; 78—John Dreyer; 79—John Dreyer; 80—John Dreyer; 81—John Dreyer; 82—John Dreyer; 83—John Dreyer; 84—John Dreyer; 85—John Dreyer; 86—John Dreyer; 87—John Dreyer; 88—John Dreyer; 89—John Dreyer; 90—John Dreyer; 91—John Dreyer; 92—John Dreyer; 93—John Dreyer; 94—John Dreyer; 95—John Dreyer; 96—John Dreyer; 97—John Dreyer; 98—John Dreyer; 99—John Dreyer; 100—John Dreyer.

FACES IN THE CROWD



KARIN BIRKY
Maui, Hawaii

Karin, 18, dropped only one set en route to a 16-0 regular season for the Joseph A. Foss High School girls' tennis team. Still a junior, Karin has played in the No. 1 spot since her freshman year and has a three-year record of 43-4.



ELMER HARRIS
Palo Alto, Calif.

An 84-year-old retired phys. ed. teacher, Harris won the 73-and-over division of the Northern California Golf Association Senior Tournament for a fourth fourth time. A 21-handicapper, Harris shot 97-94-99 to top a field of 32.



JAR TODD
Bakersfield, Calif.

Todd, 25, is the first woman officially to total more than 1,000 pounds in the three power lifts. At a meet in Newfoundland, Todd, who weighs 197½, lifted 424½ pounds from a squat, deadlift, split and bench-pressed 176½ for a total 1,041½.



TOMMY WILLIAMS
Culver City, Calif.

A senior at Inglewood High, Tommy pitched a perfect game, striking out every Theobald High batter in a 16-0 win. A .450 hitter, he had two homers, a double, two singles and five RBIs in the game and finished with a 6-0 record and a 3.44 ERA.



FREDDY CARLEY
Newport, Pa.

A seventh-grade runner for Ruckel Junior High, Freddy, 13, turned in a 9:41.1 two-mile to lower the 15-and-under national record by 7.4 seconds. Earlier this year, Freddy broke the national age-group record for the mile with a clocking of 4:36.



PAT O'CALLAGHAN
Austin, Texas

A junior at the University of Washington, Pat won the women's national collegiate archery championships in Harrisonburg, Va. By scoring 2,137 out of a possible 2,520 to beat Sarah Von Kilduff, Arizona State's defending champion, by five points.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

61ST HOME RUN

Sir,

In 23 years of reading SI, I have never seen a story that was more deserved than the one on Roger Marns (*The Record Advertiser*, June 20). Wherever you are, Roger, all true baseball fans will forever love you for what you did, for your determination and, most of all, for your class.

RICH SANLEY
Akron

Sir,

Rock Telsider's article was the story I've been waiting to read since Roger left baseball in 1968.

JOE PICKETT
Tombahawk, Wis.

Sir,

If Marns must live with an asterisk next to his 61 home runs, then Henry Aaron should also endure one next to his 715th home run. He had many more at bats than the Babe.

PHILIP H. BROOKS
Zanesville, Ohio

Sir,

Would the Babe have voted "no" to Roger Marns being admitted to the Hall of Fame?

JIM HAISTEN
Springfield, Va.

Sir,

Marns was a quality baseball player in every respect. During his years with the Yankees he was perhaps the best rightfielder in baseball. He could do it all: his range and arm were unexcelled.

Unfortunately, because of a bad press, this deserving athlete will remain outside the Hall of Fame. Nevertheless, he ranks among the all-time greats of baseball.

ARLEN THORSTENSON
San Diego

Sir,

Taking nothing away from Marns' 1968 Cardinals, a great ball club, I have to say that as a devoted Detroit Tiger fan I cringed when I read Telsider's reference to "the 1968 World Champion Cardinals." The Tigers defeated the Cardinals in seven games that

year, Mickey Lolich winning three of them.

TERRY MARQUARDT
Olivet, Mich.

• The Cardinals won the Series in 1967, beating the Red Sox in seven games.—ED

Sir,

Who but SPORTS ILLUSTRATED could have planned it better? Not only a great article on Roger Marns, but also the picture of his historic swing and home run on pages 60 & 61!

RICK GELBERG
Grand Rapids

Sir,

If anything ever convinces Roger that we want him back for Old Tansers' Day at Yankee Stadium, it will be your story. I have been to two such days in recent years and have no special desire to return for another in the near future. I have seen the tremendous and deserved ovations for Mantle and DiMaggio. But Marns deserves one, too. After all, he is still the greatest feat most present-day baseball fans have ever witnessed.

WHICH "DISTANCE BALL" SHOULD YOU BE PLAYING?

TONY PENNA DB



DUNLOP BLUE MAX®



TOP-FLITE



Distance tests from tee to green show there's only 3 or 4% difference among most distance balls when brand new. Here are 6 Surlyn™-cover distance balls. They cost about the same. They were recently put through the same durability test. On the same machine.

With the same independent testing company.

An equal number of balls of each brand were tested. Pictured above is the average looking ball of each brand of the group as determined by an individual ballot of the 5 independent testing agency members.

The result: only one ball of the 6 looks most like a distance ball. And that's the Blue Max. So why not play the ball that's several cuts below the others? The Blue Max. The "distance ball" that can really take it.

Surlyn™ is a registered trademark of the DuPont Co.

©1988 Sports Company, Division of Wilson Tool & Rubber Co., Buffalo, NY 14240

I'll make you a deal, Rog. If you return, so will I.

TOTOHA, N.J.

THE TRADE

Sir
With Seaver and Kingman traded (Tom Terrific Azns the Red Arsenal, June 27) Shea Stadium ought to be renamed Grant's Tomb.

The best interests of baseball certainly weren't served by these trades. So where is Commissioner Bowie Kuhn now that N.Y. Mets' fans need him?

NORMAN ELLERIE KENT
Coral Springs, Fla.

THE TWINS

Sir
Thank you for finally recognizing the Twins as a contender (*Minny Gets the Max* from a Minniman, June 20). The Twins' incredible hitting machine will make for a very exciting World Series this year.

JAMES DREW
Chicago, Iowa

Sir

Something sounds familiar. Last year, didn't everybody say that Cincinnati, too, had an explosive offense but no pitching?

DAVE LECANDER
Crystal, Minn.

Sir

You say, "Catcher Butch Wynegar, 1976 Rookie of the Year, found himself playing third base." I'd like to remind you that Detroit's Mark (the Bird) Fidrych was 1976 Rookie of the Year.

SEAN WALKER
Bryan, Ohio

Sir

The Twins' attendance is not as bad as it seems. As of June 16, the Twins were only 23,240 behind their record-setting 1967 pace of 1,483,547. As for the team Rod Carew will get his Silver Bat, Larry Hise will get his MVP and Minnesota will be No. 1 at last come October.

TONI VORACEK JR.
Owatonna, Minn.

Sir

The Twins in the World Series? Only if they end the season today. Contrary to Larry Kerth's appraisal, Minnesota will need a lot more than "one spotlight starter" to get into the playoffs. With just the weaknesses he points out (staring pitching and defense), the Twin will be lucky to be within shouting distance of third place come September. There are still 100 games to play, plenty of time for Kansas City and California to tune their engines for an exciting two-team race in the AL West. For all his noble but archaic logic,

Calvin Griffith will have to be content once more to watch somebody else's team play the Dodgers. And after Carew, Hise and Boslock find contentment and fatter wallets with more generous and realistic owners, he'll be lucky to find nine quality players to help next year.

DAVID OREGAN
Newton, Mass.

TRIPLE CROWN

Sir
Thank you for the way you handled the Belmont (*He Brought Down the House*, June 20). It was pleasant just reading the behind-the-scenes story of the race and not having someone talking through his hat about how great Seattle Slew is. My racing days only go back half a dozen years, but I have watched horses like Secretariat, Forego, and Sham all New York tracks—all of whom would put this horse in their back pocket if they were to meet. After seeing the subpar crop of horses this year, I rated the Belmont Stakes as "just another horse race."

RAY KINLOWSKI
Elmwood Park, N.J.

Sir

The two-page picture of the Belmont tells it all. Seattle Slew's head is up, his ears cocked and he has the look of eagles in his eyes. He is looking down the stretch in joyous triumph.

continued

RESULTS OF THE DURABILITY TEST.

BALL NO.	GOLDEN RAM	HOGAN LEADER	WILSON PRO STAFF	STANDARD	STANDARD	STANDARD
1	300	290	270	250	230	210
2	300	284	268	246	226	206
3	300	278	262	240	220	200
4	290	270	250	230	210	190
5	300	271	250	229	209	189
6	291	252	230	219	199	179
7	300	256	230	211	191	171

GOLDEN RAM

HOGAN LEADER

WILSON PRO STAFF



Photograph of balls is untouched.

THE DURABILITY TEST. This durability test was conducted by an independent laboratory. It consisted of firing an equal number of standard, purchased golf balls of each brand against a 1000 lb. block under air pressure that would equal an impact against the ball comparable to that produced by a driver striking a ball in a tee, swung by a professional golfer. Each ball was fired in 200 hits or fewer whichever came first. If a ball was deformed as the number of hits at which the ball deformed was noted. Each ball was fired in the same way at which the ball deformed was noted. Full test results are available from Wilson, Inc., 1000 Buffalo, N.Y. 14202.

BLUE MAX



Hot driving ahead. Cool it with Zerex.

Buy two gallons of Zerex now...
And look what else you can get:



1. A \$2.00 Merchandise Certificate good in the store where you buy the Zerex

\$3.00 worth of refund coupons good on Du Pont Rally[®] and Rain Dance[®] products



3. Above all, you'll be getting unbeatable protection against summer boilovers—plus protection against freeze-ups and rust. That's the mark of Zerex.

Look for local Zerex ads and displays at participating stores now thru July 13. Pick up a coupon while you're there and mail it along with your proof of purchase to get that \$2 Merchandise Certificate. Plus \$3 worth of refund coupons. It's the hottest deal on a summer coolant ever.

For a free booklet on cooling system care, write PPG Industries, One Gateway Center, 551 Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.



19TH HOLE continued

obviously galloping well within himself. He looks as if he hopes the race will go all the way around again. The others are straining, heads down, ears back and eyes squinting. They are hoping it will be over soon and those jokers on their backs will quit pushing them to run.

SHERLEY EWING
Baltimore

BOLT OF THUNDER

Sir

Re: *Did Old Tom Throw That Club?* (June 20). Well, if he didn't, his position at the top of the backswing is most unorthodox.

Presuming that he did let one fly, a man of his experience should be ashamed of the terrible form shown in the picture. His stance is far too wide for a good turn and maximum power. The backswing is very flat and, coupled with his unacceptable hand position, will undoubtedly lead to a duck hook and a splash near the shore instead of the satisfying center-of-the-lake effect.

Finally, Tommy has committed two errors usually reserved for dubs and beginners. Although the downswing has not yet begun, he obviously has not "waited at the top," as his weight transfer to the left side is already completed. Also, he has looked up.

WALTER A. PEEK
New Rochelle, N.Y.

COLONIAL GAYS

Sir

In Charles Gillespie's article about Al Geiberger's remarkable 59 at Colonial in Memphis (*It Was a Day Unlike Any Other Day*, June 20), he mentions that the course is no easy one, having been listed in *Golf Digest's* Best 100 Courses in the United States in 1975. If he had read a bit farther in that same issue (November 1975), he would have come across a story about a scam at a Wednesday pro-am that set what is regarded as the all-time record low pro-am score. They shot a 50 the day before the Tournament Players Championship held that year at Colonial Country Club in Fort Worth. The pro who captioned that team was a fellow by the name of Al Geiberger.

So Geiberger apparently holds both the individual and team record lows. On the day his team shot 50, he equaled the individual course record of 63. He went on to win the tournament with a 10-under-par score of 270, setting a 72-hole tournament record at Colonial.

Setting records is, obviously, nothing new to Geiberger, particularly at golf courses named Colonial.

STANLEY P. JOHNSON
San Francisco

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

New from Kodak. A high-speed color print film.



For daylight, low-light, and fast-action pictures.



New Kodacolor 400 film is so fast, you can shoot in less light than you may ever have thought possible. Indoors and out, night or day. And you can get sharp, brilliant color prints where you couldn't before. Just how little light depends, of course, on the capabilities of your camera.

New Kodacolor 400 film has a speed of ASA 400, has fine grain and is color balanced for daylight, blue flash, and electronic flash. In fact, you can get pleasing pictures in almost any type of light without the need for filters.

New Kodacolor 400 film gives you more than just low-light and daylight versatility. It increases your distance range for flash pictures. You can also use higher shutter speeds to stop action...and to shoot hand-held telephoto pictures that are sharp.

Keep a roll or two of Kodacolor 400 film on hand and get great color prints in almost any light. Available in 135 and 110 sizes.



New KODACOLOR 400 Film

Benson & Hedges 100's

and I can't
boil water,
either.

that's the breaks



Regular and Menthol

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

10 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. 29,